



SEPTEMBER 1972

September 1972

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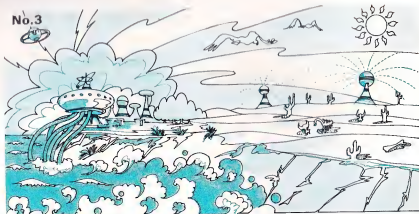
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No. 3



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# Press Section

NOTES AND COMMENT ON THE NEWS

## The Christian Science Monitor Can We End Our Gun Madness?

IN THE wake of the unconscionable shooting of Gov. George Wallace, there are at least two constructive public things the American people can do.

The first is to come to grips with the major instrument of assassination and violence in America—the handgun. There are now some 35 million handguns in the United States, and that total is being swelled by another 2.5 million each year—enough for every other household in the country to have such a weapon. We would like to see the recall of all handguns, the melting down of most of them, and the use of the remainder only for special purposes and by special permits. Impossible? Britain, which requires permits for handguns, as well as for rifles and shotguns used for hunting or target practice, has only 1/300th as many gun-murders as the United States, with one fourth the U.S. population.

The second step we can take is to consider the full range of violence-inciting aspects of modern life, and to expose the myths about the legacy of frontier life and every-man-for-himself lawlessness.

A return to saner levels of social conduct can only come about when the number of arms in private hands is drastically reduced. If citizens would only match the pressures brought on Congress by firearms proponents, by writing letters to their legislators, this

lamentably tardy gun control could be won.

## Nation's Business Highway SOS

A MODERN version of the legendary St. Bernards and their kegs of brandy is helping motorists stranded along the 550 miles of Ohio's major interstate highways.

For the past two years Standard Oil Co. (Ohio) has operated a fleet of courtesy cars—equipped with supplies of gas, oil, water, compressed air, tire jacks, fire extinguishers and first-aid kits. The free service is manned by 70 drivers, all college students, who last year came to the rescue on 3348 tire problems, 2558 overheated engines, and 1756 tanks in need of refueling.

Besides the praise it gets from grateful beneficiaries, SOHIO's good Samaritan program frees patrolmen for more serious emergencies on the road.

—Vernon Louivrie

## Time

### Grounding the Glamour Boys

THE FEATS of airline skyjackers inevitably inspire imitation, but Chicago's rock station WLS is taking the romance out of the idea for its listeners. News director Phil Hayes says that WLS reporting of air piracy will stress the severity of penalties, rewards offered by airlines and convictions obtained in other cases: "We will give

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## WELCOME YOU CAN FEEL IT IN THE AIR

In Japan, your welcome to our country is as friendly as your first invitation to visit a Japanese inn. It is as big as the smile of the youth who asks if he can speak your language with you. It's a flower in an unexpected place. It's a word, *okyaku-sama*, that can be used to mean passenger. But also means guest. As it is in Japan. It is also at Japan Air Lines. Our heart is where our home is, and our home is the sky you fly with us. Hospitality is no mere catchword for us. It is an art—a way of life—which the Japanese have practiced for a thousand years and more. And practice still.



## Press Section

as much attention to the arrest, conviction and imprisonment of a hijacker as we give to the actual hijack."



"Well, I guess it IS the only sure way to stop hijackings!"

### The Public Interest

#### Blacks Who Out-Earn Whites

YOUNGER blacks are closing the income gap with whites. According to a new Census Bureau report, "outside the South there was *no* apparent difference in 1970 between the incomes of white and Negro husband-wife families where the head was under 35 years old." The data also showed that where both husband and wife worked, black incomes are *higher* than white. For those with heads of family under 35, black earnings were 104 percent of white; for those under 25, black earnings were 113 percent of white. (Outside the South, blacks are more likely than whites to live in urban areas, where earnings are higher.)

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## Press Section

This surely is an event: young couples from an oppressed minority starting their lives as full equals, in income terms, of their contemporaries in the "majority" group. Moreover, these young black couples have the highest median family incomes in history (\$9777 as against \$8678 for whites).

This improvement did not "just happen" to blacks. It was made to happen by black persons working hard for things they want.

—Daniel P. Moynihan

### Changing Times, The Kiplinger Magazine

#### Back Your Vote With a Buck

SUPPORT your candidate, then take a deduction on your 1972 tax return.

Under a new law you can deduct up to \$50 on a single return (\$100 on a joint return) for political contributions to any party or candidates from dog catcher to President. Or subtract from the actual tax due Uncle Sam half of what you give (maximum \$12.50 for a single person, \$25 on a joint return).

### American Letter

#### Mythical Moguls

THE U.S. business community is doing a poor job of marketing its real image and contributions, our new Secretary of Commerce, Peter Peterson, charged recently. He cited a survey by the Opinion Research Corporation, which indicated that the typical American believes the profits of corporations average 28 percent on sales, after taxes. Corporations' actual average net profits: just four percent.

### ABC News

#### Good-Neighbor Policy That Works

WHEN Hurricane Edith battered Nicaragua last September and left thousands homeless, their crops destroyed, a call for help went not to Washington, but to the Governor of Wisconsin, Patrick Lucey. Reason: A seven-year partnership between Wisconsin and Nicaragua, part of a 90-percent privately funded foreign-aid program, "Partners of the Americas," in which American individuals and companies provide Latin Americans with materials and skills they need, in exchange for materials and skills their U.S. counterparts need.

Through "Partners," Maine citizens located a \$100,000 television transmitter and set up a statewide TV network in Natal, Brazil. Arkansas sent medical personnel and equipment to Bolivia during a polio epidemic. Connecticut Jaycees are helping to build a 12-room school in Itaporanga, Brazil. Michigan has collected 80,000 books for the British Honduras library system; Idaho is sending school desks to Ecuador. Iowa has sent 41 doctors and technicians to Mexico; Kentucky is training geology instructors; Louisiana has provided technical assistance for insect and weed control.

As an instrument of international goodwill, Partners of the Americas probably has worked all these years because private citizens are giving their neighbors exactly what they want most, with a minimum of bureaucracy and government funds. —Harry Reasoner

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## HAVE YOU AN AMUSING ANECDOTE—

### *An Unusual Story?*

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#### *\$100 for Life in These United States*

Contributions must be true, unpublished stories from your own experience, revelatory of adult human nature, and providing appealing or humorous sidelights on the American scene. Maximum length: 300 words. Address: Life in U.S. Editor.

#### *\$100 for Humor in Uniform*

True and unpublished stories based on experiences in the armed forces. Maximum length: 300 words. Address: Humor in Uniform Editor.

#### *\$100 for Campus Comedy*

True, unpublished stories about life at college. Maximum length: 300 words. Address: Campus Comedy Editor.

#### *\$25 for Toward More Picturesque Speech*

The first contributor of each item used in this department is paid \$25. Address: Picturesque Speech Editor.

For *Laughter, the Best Medicine* (see page 115), *Personal Glimpses* (see page 49), and other anecdotal items, payment is made at the following rates: To the

first contributor of each item from a published source \$25. For original material, payment is \$10 per Digest two-column line. Address: Excerpt Editor.

For short anecdotes, quips and quotations, the most likely sources are books, magazines of limited circulation and local newspapers. So many duplicates of items from major magazines and syndicated columns are received that the chance of being the first contributor is slim.

The contributor's name and address, and the date the contribution is sent, should be on all items. Original contributions should be typewritten whenever possible. When material is from a published source, give the name and date of publication. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned. Please address contributions to the proper editor, c/o The Reader's Digest, Pleasantville, N.Y. 10570.

#### *\$3000 for First Person Articles*

An article for this series must be a true, hitherto unpublished narrative of an unusual personal experience. It may be dramatic, inspirational or humorous, but it must have, in the opinion of the editors, a quality of narrative and interest comparable to "How I Lost My Eye" (July '72) and "Attacked by a Killer Shark!" (May '72).

Contributions must be typewritten, preferably double-spaced, and must not exceed 2500 words. They cannot be acknowledged and will be returned—usually within eight or ten weeks—only when accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Please do not send documents or photographs. Address: First Person Editor.



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7. Entering the contest signifies implicit acceptance of the contest rules. The jury's decision on all matters connected with this contest will be final and no correspondence will be entered into.



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51ST YEAR

## The Reader's Digest

SEPTEMBER 1972

*An article a day of enduring significance, in condensed permanent booklet form*



Drama in Real Life®

# Blood Pressure: Zero!

To the frightened man on the operating table, those words could have only one meaning—death

Condensed from CENTERSCOPE

THOMAS DEFOREST BULL

**T**HE DAY I "died" began badly. I had returned to my doctor for the results of exhaustive tests the previous weekend—the findings on which my life would depend. He looked troubled, embarrassed. "We can find absolutely nothing wrong with you," he said.

"Nothing wrong with me? Doctor, what about the pains in my legs and chest, the weakness, shortness of breath, blackouts? Something's very wrong. I think I'll be dead within 48 hours."

He reiterated: "You have no adverse symptoms. I suggest that you get a thorough mental examination."

*So, he thinks it's all psychosomatic. Thanks a bunch.*

I said good-bye as gracefully as possible and hailed a cab back to my hotel. At the steps to the lobby I had a premonition. The steps looked like Mount Everest. I climbed them slowly. *Made it! Now pull the door open. Good. Now to the elevator. Oh, oh...*

I lunged for a lobby sofa, missed it and wound up on the floor staring at the elegant chandelier hanging from the ceiling. The lights turned brown, then reddish-brown, then dark-red. Then they went out.

*I'm blind! And I can't hear any-*

*thing. Take stock. What's left? You can think. Good. Wiggle your toes? Good. Move your legs? Nope. Arms? Good. Now slide your left fingers along your right wrist. Good. Now . . . Not so good. There was no discernible pulse. I cursed my heart, furious at it for letting me down. Pump, damn you, pump! After five minutes or so, I could hear voices. Things turned from black to brown to light again.*

THE emergency room was stark and unimpressive. But more disturbing was the youthfulness of the resident and two interns on call. All three combined could not have had the total medical experience of the middle-aged Ivy League-trained man I'd seen earlier. Would these men too be persuaded that the problem was mental? They exchanged significant glances and the slightest of nods as I answered their questions, but I saw no sign of derision.

The resident, Dr. Ted Kinney,\* moved the stethoscope gently, sensitively in continuous, ever-expanding circles. He stopped at the spot where the pain had been so many times. Then an abrupt return to the original starting point, the same continuous outwardly-spiraling movement, the exact same stopping place. He invited the two interns to listen.

"We're pretty certain you have a pulmonary embolism," Dr. Kinney said. "That's a clot that gets loose in the bloodstream. They are about five inches long and . . ."

\*The doctors' names are fictitious.

"Thanks, I know. My father was killed by one."

They took me to the hospital's Cardiac Care Unit. Periodically, the public-address system would advise of an emergency involving a "43-year-old male with acute pulmonary embolism." "The poor guy," I thought absently. Then, with an undeniable feeling of self-importance, it dawned that they were talking about me.

While I was being wired, probed and thumped, phone calls were being made all over greater Boston to bring back the essential people, who had left for the day. In a surprisingly short time, they were introduced to me: Dr. Roberts, chief of cardiothoracic surgery; Dr. Herbert, the general surgeon; Dr. Emerson, the cardiologist; Dr. Rhee, a pretty Korean female anesthesiologist; and Dr. Farrell, whose specialty is the angiogram.

My angiogram involved running a flexible probe through a vein in the forearm into the heart. A radio-opaque dye was injected through the probe, and the heart and lungs were X-rayed. It showed two emboli (clots), one in the heart and one entering, plus many emboli clogging the lungs. The doctors unanimously recommended an immediate operation. There was no time to lose: more emboli might well be en route and even one could spell finis.

No sooner had I agreed than a young woman arrived to urge me to have the chaplain with me during the operation (the national average

for survival in pulmonary embolectomies is 43 percent). I firmly declined. I hope she understood. I planned to do my own praying.

Dr. Rhee quietly told me that I was going to get very light anesthesia. No need to ask why. I knew my nose was barely above water as it was. She gave me a few deep whiffs of gas. Minutes later the skin on my stomach went ice cold. They were scrubbing it with antiseptic, preparatory to tying off the inferior vena cava. This vein—the body's largest—routes emboli from the legs (where they are formed) to the heart's right atrium, where they become deadly serious problems. If all went well and the emboli already past the vena cava behaved themselves, open heart-lung surgery would not be necessary. If things went wrong, the heart-lung machine was standing by, primed with blood.

Things went wrong. When the antiseptic scrubbing stopped, nothing happened. A voice I recognized as Dr. Emerson's was reading, matter-of-factly, various figures. Like a laundry list. None of the items interested me especially, except the last—"Blood pressure: zero."

*Zero blood pressure! He's got to be kidding. That's impossible. You're hearing things. There'll be a repeat performance. Pay closer attention next time.* And within the minute, he was reading the same laundry list, again with the same last item: "Blood pressure: zero."

*Well, that's that. What a shame. They tried so hard. I felt somehow*

as if I had let them down. No panic. Not even anxiety. Just a sense of sadness, of loss, of resignation.

The next voice was Dr. Roberts'. Same calm, laundry-list tone: "We'd better hurry; we could lose this one."

Everyone moved in a different direction at once. The heart-lung machine was wheeled toward me. At the same time, my upper-left inner thigh was scrubbed with the cold antiseptic. *Are they going to cut me there? What the hell for?* In my ignorance, I had assumed that the heart pump would be hitched up somewhere near the heart, and not, as is the case, to the leg's femoral artery and vein. The scrubbing stopped and, all too soon, I saw Dr. Herbert bend over his target.

WHEN the fiery cut came, it was mercifully swift. I bit my tongue. The pain was nearly as much as I could bear in silence but no more. From then on, it was pause, cut, pause, cut. As the knife went deeper into the muscle, the pain diminished. I eased up on my tongue. Then the surgeon decided to widen the incision a little. Searing pain all over again. *Damn it, Herbert, if you wanted to cut it that wide why didn't you do it in the first place?*

Then a lightning bolt exploded in my leg, raced up my left side and smashed into my brain. A minor nerve had been cut. An involuntary moan escaped from deep inside me. This had two immediate results. First, tubing from the lung-machine was forced down my throat, effec-



tively preventing any further outbursts. Second, there was more anesthesia—and suddenly the table seemed to be on wheels, whirling around in a circus ring, counterclockwise. To add to the carnival atmosphere, the doctors and nurses were cracking jokes, having a good laugh for themselves. This is (pardon the expression) standard operating procedure for maintaining alertness and morale. But in my paranoia, it seemed they were laughing at me in my anguish. *What the hell's so funny? I hope this happens to you, every damn one of you.* Each time the table completed its circle, Dr. Herbert would lean over and make another slash. More pain, more laughter. *Herbert, you son of a bitch, if you're going to kill me, you'd better make a good job of it, 'cause if you don't I'll sure as hell kill you.*

Now the anesthesia was wearing off, the circling table slowed, then stopped, and the pain was getting worse. I began to pray in earnest: *Spare me, Father, if it is your will. I want to serve you.* There were more slashes, more obscene observations on Dr. Herbert's parentage, then more prayers.

Then there must have been more anesthesia. Paranoia, pain and disorientation were pushing my mind near the point of no return. It was as if there were a slender silver cord from the brain to the neck. It was stretched to the breaking point and if it snapped, there could be no rejoining of it, I felt sure. *Father, if I*

*lose my sanity, don't let me live. Then I passed out.*

I was revived by Dr. Roberts splitting my chest down the middle with what looked like a giant old-fashioned can opener. This was too much. That silver cord was being stretched to a fine, fragile filament. *Dear God, help me!*

Help came immediately. Someone I couldn't see was putting a finger into my mouth, adjusting the trach tubes. I was sure it was Dr. Herbert, and I was filled with joy. *Okay, you bastard. You've had a ball hurting me. Now you're ready to get some of your own medicine.* I waited until the finger moved back to the molars. Now! I bit with all my strength, yearning for the agonized scream. To my humiliation, I was rewarded only with a peal of female laughter. A masked face appeared over mine and, even upside down, there was no mistaking those compassionate oriental eyes. I had bitten Dr. Rhee. She seemed to be reading all my fears. "Are you in much pain?" I nodded. "Are you scared?" Very vigorous nods. "Okay, hold on. We'll take care of you."

Instantly, reality snapped into place. Dr. Roberts, Dr. Herbert and the others weren't carving me up for the fun of it. Every person in that OR was making a superhuman effort to save my life, and with a full heart I loved them for it.

The giant can opener ceased its prying, and the first wave from the anesthesia washed over me. Then

came pure terror. Not imagined now, but real and valid. In alerting Dr. Rhee, I had committed a colossal blunder. I was going to lose consciousness. That meant no more praying, no more fighting and no more life. Because, right or wrong, I was absolutely convinced then (as I am today) that that double-edged sword was, up to this point, all that stood between me and the crematorium. In silence, I cried out, *Lord, they're going to put me out. Lord, I can't fight. I can't pray. Dear Lord, will you pray for me?*

The miracle that followed is difficult to describe. Skeptics will term it a hallucination induced by fear and anesthesia. I do not blame you. I was once one of you. But I was there, totally alert. More significant, I am here, against all odds.

A warm, gossamer-light, love-filled blanket of Divine Grace descended upon me and protectively covered me. Two strong arms enveloped me. At my left ear, I seemed to hear two words filled with a love beyond all understanding: "I will."

No words express what I felt so well as a beautiful line by Carl Sandburg, for in that moment I "held in my heart and mind the paradox of terrible storm and peace unspeakable and perfect." Those two words carried a promise: I would live. I whispered, "Abba, Lord."

From time to time throughout that long night of the long knives, I

would resurface, seemingly at will, to check on the progress of things. Or sometimes the pain of a new incision—there were nine in all—would shock me into wakefulness. Finally, I heard Dr. Roberts say, "Well, I guess we can wrap this one up." The wall clock said 5:30 in the morning. Almost everyone had been on his feet nearly 24 hours, some 36. Silently I gave thanks.

I SPENT 11 days in Intensive Care, battling for life. After 90 minutes on a heart-lung machine, brain damage can begin; I was on it for four and a half hours, and the price was descent into temporary madness. Like the day soon after the operation when a stranger walked into my room, carrying a coil of rope with a noose around his neck. Without so much as a "Do you mind?" he pushed a stool center stage, mounted it, tied the rope to a hook in the ceiling, kicked away the stool and hanged himself. Or the lovely, lithe—and totally nude—young nurse who dropped in for a delightful visit.

But most of the time I was lucid. And 22 days after I "died," I walked out of the hospital. I climbed the steps to the lobby of my hotel and crossed to the elevator. David, the operator, who had seen me carried out, said, "You sure look a lot better than when you left, Mr. Bull."

"Thank God, David," I said. "Thank God."



*Envy: Pieces of hate.* — Arnold H. Glasow

*Despite Soviet crushing of East German, Hungarian and Czechoslovakian revolts, the workers of Poland rebelled against their suffocating way of life—and won a change of government, modest though it may be*

# The Revolt That Shook the Kremlin

By JAMES ATWATER

HE is in his early or mid-20s. He holds no official post, cares little for communist doctrine and ideology. Chances are that he is married and has one or two small children. Like fathers anywhere, he wants to be treated fairly on his job, to have a real say in his government, and to be able to

afford decent food and clothes. Most important of all, he wants a home of his own.

Today he is likely to have realized none of his desires. Instead, he leads a life of drudgery, cramped by the restrictions of a totalitarian state. He is frustrated, impatient and deeply cynical about a form of government



that has promised him so much and produced so little.

This sullen young man is a worker in the communist bloc of eastern Europe—and the worry of officials from Moscow to Sofia, and from Bucharest to East Berlin, because of the threat of rebellion he poses to the system. For if the worker rebels, he makes a mockery of a government that claims it is acting on behalf of the workers themselves.

Today the Soviet Union and its satellites are still adjusting to the bloody Polish revolt of December 1970, when young shipyard workers battled units of the militia that were backed up by tanks and helicopters. Officially, it was reported that 45 men died and 1165 were injured. But foreign newsmen who saw some of the fighting say that the casualties must have been much higher. The most significant of the sporadic rebellions against communism since World War II, it taught an unforgettable lesson: no government in eastern Europe can ignore the wishes of its own workers.

Poland literally sits under Russian guns. Two Soviet divisions are stationed in the country. Its eastern boundary faces the Soviet Union, and to the west lies East Germany with 200,000 Russian troops. The Soviets had remorselessly crushed rebellions in East Germany in 1953, in Hungary in 1956 and in Czechoslovakia in 1968. The best measure of the Poles' hatred of the system was the fact that they chose to fight in the face of these precedents.

**Smoldering Rage.** The revolt broke out in the old shipyard towns along the Baltic, where resentment had been steadily building up. The shipyard worker in Gdansk—formerly Danzig—was particularly ripe for revolution. Typically, he was born some 25 years ago on a small farm in central Poland. At about 20, he left the farm for Gdansk, attracted by the relatively high salaries at the expanding Lenin Shipyard. He became a welder, married and set out to build a new life.

His disillusionment was swift. When he applied for an apartment, he was told that there was a seven-year wait. He had to move into the three-room flat belonging to his wife's parents. He and his wife were still there when their two children were born—two families sharing one kitchen and one tiny bathroom.

Monday through Saturday, the welder left for his job at 5:30 a.m. During the long winter, the Baltic wind knifed through the flimsy coveralls provided by the shipyard. His "safety" boots were so thin that they were soon perforated by stray sparks from his torch. The "high-nutrition" soup sold to the men was a watery mixture topped with fat. There was a shortage of the amenities—adequate toilets, snack bars, even hot water.

Working a normal 46-hour week, plus a few hours of overtime, the welder was making about \$150 a month, nearly \$50 more than the average wage in Poland. He received many benefits, such as free

medical care and subsidized vacations, and earned another \$50 a month doing odd jobs. His wife also worked, bringing home \$70 a month.

By Polish standards, the welder and his family were well off. But nearly half their pay was spent on food—a monotonous round of potatoes, cabbage, bread and sausages. The family did not go hungry or cold, but even modest luxuries were priced exorbitantly. A well-made man's suit sold for \$100, a television set for \$300, and the cheapest car on the market for \$3000—the combined income of husband and wife for nearly a year. The fact that they lived in Gdansk added to their frustration, for they could see how the standard of living was rising in the West. Every summer, well-dressed Swedish families took ferries across the Baltic to spend money freely in the beach resorts near Gdansk.

The welder knew that the so-called "workers' councils" in Gdansk were powerless. Party leaders simply shrugged off workers' complaints. The "unions," too, were only another branch of the government; there was no protest from them when the men's work load was gradually increased—high-handed action that would have brought on a strike in the West. The smoldering rage at the shipyards grew. Then, in December 1970, the government made an incredible mistake.

**Appeal to Moscow.** Shortly before Christmas, Warsaw announced a general increase in the price of food, which reduced the Poles' standard

of living by 10 to 15 percent. In addition, wages were to be paid on the basis of a new "incentive" program—an extremely complicated system that looked to the men like a scheme to freeze or lower their pay.

The decrees exemplified the thinking and methods of Wladyslaw Gomułka, 65, the autocratic leader of the country, who had followed the communist doctrine of pouring money into the development of heavy industries and had postponed raising the standard of living. Gomułka's timing could not have been worse. Christmas in Catholic Poland means three days of feasting and celebration. To the workers, the new laws seemed an insult that struck at the traditions of their family life.

The rebellion started quietly on Monday morning, December 14. Wearing their hard hats, about 1000 men marched out of the Lenin Shipyard and assembled outside the Party headquarters to complain about Gomułka's "reforms." When no important official came out to talk, the workers' frustration flared into violence. Hurling rocks, the men attacked the headquarters building. A hastily assembled force of militia drove them away, and the men fanned out, breaking plate-glass windows and setting fire to two buses. Retreating to the shipyard, the workers used the night to cut lengths of steel into heavy clubs.

The next morning, Gdansk became a battlefield. Armed with bricks, clubs, brass pipes and Molotov cocktails, workers attacked the

offices of the militia. Workers and militiamen fought hand-to-hand, police truncheons against steel clubs. Finally, the militia drove off the attackers, but the rebellion spread.

An enraged mob of 10,000 besieged Party headquarters, which burst into flame. Riots broke out in nearby Gdynia, where workers stormed through a cordon of tanks to attack the town hall for three hours until helicopters arrived, dropping tear gas and explosive charges. Factories throughout the coastal region and in the area of Warsaw began to strike in support.

Gomułka appealed to Moscow for help, implying that he would welcome military intervention. But the Kremlin was reluctant to save a man who had let the Polish economy and Communist Party deteriorate to the point that workers were willing to fight tanks. To the Soviet Union, it was essential that Poland remain a loyal and stable ally. More important, the Russians knew that an invasion would crystallize the Poles' fierce patriotism and the army would fight the Russians as it had so often in the past.

Russia's Leonid Brezhnev told Gomułka that the revolt was an internal matter. At that point, Gomułka was finished. After a seven-hour debate in Warsaw, the Polish politburo voted to replace him with Edward Giersek.

**72,000 Angry Women.** Little known outside Poland, Giersek, 57, had been the undisputed boss of Katowice, a steel-and-coal region which

contained the heart of Poland's industry. A broad-shouldered, big-fisted ex-miner, he was known as a man who understood workers. He had spent hours visiting plants and mines, listening to their problems.

At Giersek's urging, the strikers returned to their jobs. But the tension remained. Giersek might have been the workers' friend; still, he left Gomułka's decrees in effect.

Workers in other shipyards kept up the pressure, but it remained for 72,000 irate women, many old enough to be the mothers of the shipyard workers, to finish the job begun in Gdansk. The women were employed in the ancient textile mills of Lodz, in central Poland. They and their predecessors had rebelled so often against the mills that the city was known as "Red Lodz."

The women had stayed quiet in December, but their tempers rose when Giersek did not cancel the price increases. In mid-February 1971, they went on strike. Prime Minister Piotr Jaroszewicz and three other members of the politburo rushed to Lodz from Warsaw. Until then, the women had been disciplined; now they became hysterical. A shouting delegation held Jaroszewicz at bay, and the women drove home their points by prodding him with thick forefingers. Sweat pouring down his face, the prime minister listened and nodded sympathetically. Two days later, he announced a price rollback, made possible by a \$100-million loan from Russia.

"You could call it blackmail," says

one Western diplomat. "But the Soviet Union would do just about anything to keep Polish workers quiet."

**Unanswered Questions.** Keeping the workers quiet became the worry of governments throughout the communist bloc. In Czechoslovakia, Party leader Gustav Husak froze some prices and declared that forthcoming economic reforms should not be "at the expense of the workingman." Rumania's stores began displaying more goods at lower prices, and a 20-percent wage rise was tucked into the new five-year plan.

Gierek swiftly began reforms to improve the life of the Poles. He raised the prices that the government paid farmers for their crops. He boosted the minimum monthly wage from \$35 a month to \$42, increased imports of consumer goods, and instituted a new five-year plan which put more emphasis on producing clothing, food and housing. Real wages rose an average of 5.3 percent in 1971. Warsaw shops now have a better supply of meat and goods than a year ago, but quality and style are still poor.

Yet, while Gierek has clearly succeeded in raising Poland's standard of living in a hurry, he has done little to reform the basic system itself, either by decentralizing the economy or by giving up any real political

power. He has not allowed unions, or workers' councils, or the local Party organizations to speak out boldly for their members. You hear the same joke all over Poland: "What's the difference between Gomulka and Gierek?" Answer: "There isn't any—but Gierek doesn't know it yet."

Will the workers be willing to settle for a rising standard of living—assuming that Gierek can keep up the pace—if they continue to be shut out of the decision-making process that governs their country? No one knows. But the workers have established themselves as the cutting edge of a young generation that is unwilling to settle for a life that has cheap vodka and soccer as its greatest pleasures.

Late one afternoon, after the revolt, I stood outside the main gate at the Lenin Shipyard and talked to a young worker. "When people used to come to the yard and we told them what life was like here, they'd laugh at us for not doing anything about it," he said. "Now they don't laugh at us anymore."

Then he walked off down the road that the men from the shipyard had followed on their way to start a rebellion. It is a rebellion that Edward Gierek and Leonid Brezhnev have good reason to fear may not be over.



### Life-Style

**M**OST of us live our lives the way we watch television. Even though the program isn't as good as we would like it to be, we are too lazy to get up and change it.

— Pamela J. Bowlin

## WHAT'S COOKING?

# 49 Secrets From a Professional Cook

Condensed from WOMAN'S DAY NANCY SCHRAFFENBERGER

**B**REATHES there a woman who hasn't paused midway through preparing a recipe and wished she could turn to a Grand High Poohbah Cook and ask, "How big is a medium onion, anyway?" Or, "What do I do now that my sauce has turned to molasses?"

Even the most virtuous cookbooks don't always offer first-aid hints or tell *why* you do a thing a certain way or what techniques make all the difference in food buying or preparation.

This sort of brooding led us to Dione Lucas, who was one of the most highly regarded cooks in America. Dione (pronounced dee-OH-nee) was one of the rare women in the world to hold a diploma from the famed Ecole du Cordon Bleu in Paris, and was among the first to teach cooking by television (her long-

running series began in 1947). Her cookbooks—the last was *The Gourmet Cooking School Cookbook*—are best sellers. The restaurants she owned or supervised were meccas for connoisseurs.

Here are some of Dione Lucas' shortcuts, slick tricks and magic:

**For Chopping and Molding**  
A chopping board is one of the most "daily" essentials. If you don't own one, put it at the top of tomorrow's shopping list. It should be a block two feet by ten inches and made like a ship's deck so there are no joints or cracks for food to lodge in. It's better to get unvarnished wood and treat it by rubbing with a little boiled linseed oil. Let it dry overnight and it'll never stain.

A large chopping knife of excellent quality is a lifelong friend. Every chef has a certain type he or she thinks superior. (Mrs. Lucas



preferred the French "Sabatier" brand.)

All stirring should be done with a wooden spoon. Metal chemically affects some foods.

In pan frying and sautéing, always get your pan hot first, then add the butter or oil. Meat—even eggs—won't stick if you use this method.

When dipping meat pieces into beaten egg and crumbs, use your left hand for applying the egg, your right for crumbs, to avoid getting your fingers gluey.

When unmolding hot foods, allow them to stand for five minutes before you turn them out on another dish.

When greasing pans or molds, use butter for hot dishes, oil for cold (butter stiffens and sticks when chilled, defeating your purpose).

#### Meat, Poultry, Seafood

Color guide to meat buying: Beef should be well marbled and very bright red with white fat; chicken should have fat as close to white as possible—if the pinfeather holes are close together the bird will be young and tender; veal should also be as white as possible; pork, pink with as little fat as possible; lamb, rosy-red and not fatty.

To keep raw meat fresh and odorless, rub it with oil or dip it into its own rendered fat or melted butter before refrigerating. Don't wrap it.

To keep raw fish fillets fresh and odorless, rinse them with fresh lemon juice and water, dry thoroughly, wrap and refrigerate.

Have meat at room temperature

before cooking it, except meat that has been frozen. The latter can be cooked as soon as it is soft enough for the juices to begin to run. Wait too long and you'll lose too much of the juice.

Never pierce meat when browning; the juices will escape. Use tongs. And don't let the pieces touch each other as they cook or they'll stew instead of sauté. Better to do a few at a time than to crowd them. Brown red meats quickly, uncovered; brown poultry slowly, covered or uncovered.

Never carve any sizable piece of meat or poultry right after it comes out of the oven. Give a roast, turkey or capon at least 20 minutes and it will be much easier to slice.

#### Vegetables

Blanching helps to keep firmness, texture, color and flavor in such vegetables as green beans, carrots, leeks and celery. After slicing, put the pieces in a pan and cover with cold water. Bring slowly to boil, drain and then cook according to the recipe you're using.

Test boiled potatoes for doneness with a cake tester or a skewer, never a fork. Many holes make them watery.

Cut off both ends of cucumbers to avoid bitterness. To bring out their taste, slice them ahead of time, sprinkle with a little salt and refrigerate.

To chop an onion efficiently, cut it in half and place flat surfaces on your cutting board; cut in thin slices across with chef's knife. Then turn slices around, holding them together,

and chop into fine pieces. This method keeps the juices in better, too. To avoid tears in the process, sprinkle fresh lemon juice on the flat surfaces after you've cut the onions in half.

Never cut salad greens with a knife—this bruises them and makes them bitter. Tear them gently into bite-size pieces by hand.

Secret of crisp salads: Dry greens thoroughly, piece by piece, till absolutely water-free. Wet salad greens won't get coated and shiny with dressing. Best way to toss them is with your own two hands.

It's perfectly safe and even desirable to wash and break up greens the day before they'll be served—just wrap them in plenty of paper towels and store in a crisper in the refrigerator. You'll save all that last-minute work and the greens will be drier.

#### Dairy Foods and Eggs

Heat milk slowly and stir constantly to prevent its separating and forming a skin on top. Many cooks discard this skin, but it's the richest part.

To beat cream so it stays whipped, do it with a wire whisk in a metal bowl (not aluminum) over another bowl containing ice.

To keep cheese such as Swiss, cheddar or hard Italian types, wrap in waxed paper, seal in a plastic container and freeze.

If you grate your own Parmesan cheese as needed from a bulk chunk, you'll enjoy four times more flavor than from the pre-grated kind. Dip the chunk in brandy and wrap it

in plastic, then foil, to preserve its freshness; it needn't be refrigerated. Swiss cheese also stores well by using this method, but it should be refrigerated.\*

When cooking with raw eggs, you'll get best results if the eggs have just come out of the refrigerator. They separate better and thicken mayonnaise or hollandaise sauce faster.

Egg whites are well whipped if they adhere to the bowl when you turn it upside down. Hand-beat them in a metal bowl (not aluminum) with a wire whisk to get more air, thus more volume. This is especially important for soufflés, where the whites must hold up your creation. It'll also keep the whites from getting too dry from over-beating.

Poach eggs in water flavored with tarragon vinegar for a subtle, delicate taste.

#### Seasonings

Garlic guides: Never cook garlic fast; never cook it alone. Chop it in a little salt and the pieces won't stick to your knife or your cutting board. Then pulverize it with the tip of the knife to make it dissolve. Don't use a garlic press—you lose the best part of the bud. Garlic should be as fresh as your salad greens. If you let it sit around too long, it becomes dry and tasteless. To sweeten garlic-scented fingers, rub them with a ripe tomato which you can use later in salad; if the

\*Brandy used for preserving and dipping can be saved and used again for these purposes.



wine sales jumped from 185,000 gallons in 1970 to 1,795,000 by 1972.

All of this ferment, of course, has squeezed grape prices upward—to as high as \$700 a ton. And to meet the demand, more and more land—now costing as much as \$5000 an acre—is being put to wine grapes. California alone has 500,000 acres of vine land (three quarters the area of Rhode Island). Some 74 percent of the wine we drink is produced here, and an important new part of it is the so-called pop wines. Bearing such names as Apple Dapple and Bali Hai, and made from various fruits and natural flavors added to very inexpensive white wines, they have more than doubled their sales in the past few years to 41 million gallons. Meanwhile, the clamor for fine foreign vintages has also soared.

Why this sudden spurt in the popularity of wine as a social and mealtime drink in the United States? No one has been able to finger the exact reason, but almost everyone involved in the boom has a theory. According to Parry de Winton, executive vice president of Dreyfus, Ashby, one of the nation's three largest wine importers, major factors contributing to the boom are increased affluence, more foreign travel by Americans (including the many U.S. servicemen abroad) who have picked up local wine-drinking habits, and intensive promotion by the large firms who have gone into the wine trade. Barbara Kafka, American editor of *Revue du Vin de France*, France's largest magazine

about wine, says, "Once American women learned about cooking with wine, found out how it improved a meal and became accustomed to buying it for the kitchen, it was only a step before they started buying it for the table." Alexis Bessaloff, best-selling author and lecturer about wine, adds, "Wine drinking—and talking about wine—has become, like skiing, a pleasurable leisure-time activity." Indeed, wintertime wine-bibbing has turned lightly populated Vermont into the fourth-largest wine-drinking state.

Authorities both medical and scriptural cite wine's fringe benefits. The father of modern antibiotic medicine, Sir Alexander Fleming, said of his own discovery, "Penicillin may cure human beings, but wine makes them happy." St. Paul wrote Timothy, who apparently had been complaining about digestive difficulties, "Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake."

Dr. Salvatore Lucia, emeritus professor of preventive medicine at the University of California and author of seven books on wine, adds that wine is able to "influence the blood level of cholesterol favorably." According to Dr. Lucia at least, wine in moderation also helps ease glaucoma, lessens nervous tension and, in the case of the aging, bathes the autumn years in a rich, golden glow.

This warming, humanizing effect has frequently been noted, even in the most dour. Take, for instance,

Albert Barnes, the terrible-tempered inventor of Argyrol and world-famous art connoisseur, who habitually drove off visitors to his Philadelphia home with a baseball bat. Many years ago, he sent \$1000 to the wine-promoting society of Burgundy, *Confédération des Chevaliers du Tastevin*, to help repair the ceiling of their magnificent, 600-year-old chateau at Clos Vougeot. The Chevaliers persuaded Barnes to come to France to receive their heartfelt thanks. Dinner was served. As course followed course, and wine followed wine, Barnes suddenly leaped to his feet, ripped out his checkbook and scrawled another check. "Here," he said commandingly to the order's grand master, "repair some more ceiling!"

Arguments over the relative merits of U.S. and European wines are frequent. Yet all wines are made in the same way—by fermenting the juice of grapes (of the world's more than 2000 varieties, only 40 are generally used for wine making). Yeast converts the sugar in the grape juice into alcohol. When alcoholic strength reaches about 14 percent, the yeast is automatically killed, fermentation stops and you have basic table wine. While European vintners use the natural yeasts found in the grape skins to ferment their grapes, U.S. wine makers use cultivated yeasts. This gives them greater control over the product.

Which is better? One viewpoint on the controversy comes from Harry Serlis, head of the Wine Institute,

the trade organization of California (which produces 84 percent of U.S. wines) wine growers: "There are differences between all wines wherever they are grown but, in my opinion, everyday wines in the United States are far superior to those from abroad."

Generally, experts recommend serving red wines with red meats, white with fish or fowl; but they agree that the best wine is one which emphasizes the flavor of a dish without losing its own identity. Most well-informed tasters will endorse the opinion of the oenophile (wine connoisseur) who said, "In love or wine, a person should follow his own fancy."

There are, to be sure, certain guidelines. To mention just one: Most white wines are meant to be drunk in the first flower of their youth but some red wines—with the notable exception of Beaujolais—provided they are kept properly can improve almost indefinitely with age. Last year a half-dozen bottles of California wine, vintage 1890, turned up in the cellar of an old house in San Francisco—all beautifully drinkable.

As American consumption has skyrocketed, so have our wine clubs and societies (one such, *Les Amis du Vin*, now has 13,000 members in 103 chapters) and wine tours (3.5 million people visit California's vineyards each year). Wine-tasting parties are sponsored by organizations ranging from PTAs to used-car lots. All of which, says one

expert on the subject, is turning the U.S. wine drinker into one of the best-informed and most serious students of the grape in the world.

Recently, I attended a session of one of the burgeoning learning-about-wines courses offered by connoisseurs. The tables were loaded with glasses, ten in front of each of the 80 students, who had paid nearly \$100 apiece to learn to judge wines' merits. The tasters represented a cross section of jobs, backgrounds and age. On my left was a schoolteacher with his fiancée; on my right a flashingly beautiful girl who worked for the telephone company; directly across from me was a fireman wearing his uniform trousers and a sports jacket.

As each wine was poured, glasses were rotated, bouquets sniffed, drops rolled on tongues. After only my third thimbleful I became aware that everyone at the table was using terms to describe taste and sensations that I associated more with

music criticism than I did with wine.

"A lovely melodic line," said the fireman, commenting on a 1966 Margaux.

"Promising, with a logical line of restraint," said the telephone girl.

At this, feeling my own dourness melting away and my eyes brightening, I turned to her and asked, "Are you talking about wine or Beethoven's Fifth?"

"A little of both," she answered with a smile that converted me at once and forever to the grape. "After all, isn't a great wine really a symphony?"

Our growing consumer expertise may have reached its peak last year in Florida, however, when, during a locker-room victory celebration, a gigantic tackle on the Miami Dolphin football team refused a paper cup foaming with champagne. "I never drink wine of this character," he said, "except from a stemmed glass."



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I Am Joe's Nose.....page 81

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# Beware the Witch's Wind

Condensed from NATIONAL WILDLIFE  
EARL AND MIRIAM SELBY

A vivid look at one of nature's most mysterious and devastating forces

FIVE to ten times a year in the Los Angeles basin the sun beats through a sky free of sinog. Temperatures hover around 100°, sucking up what little moisture is left in the mountainside brush. The usual sea breeze dies and is replaced by air moving in from the northeast. When this happens, people have learned to be wary. For

now the stage is set for the "witch's wind" to play out a strange, unpredictable and often deadly drama.

In a single swat, this witch's wind has flattened 252 oil derricks. It once rained 28 billion pounds of dust on Los Angeles. Boats, torn from anchor, have capsized or been smashed to pieces on offshore rocks. It has unleashed air currents that sent glider

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planes soaring to 47,000 feet. It does odd things to certain weather-sensitive people, too. They feel as if some unperceived catastrophe were about to overwhelm them. Skin turns taut. Aches come back to old scars. But the wind's worst effect is more devastating: it creates the world's most critical fire dangers.

Here in California, meteorologists call the wind the Santa Ana, after a mountain pass it sometimes roars into. The same type of wind, however, is found in many places. Oregon has its east wind. On the eastern side of the Rockies, in Wyoming and Montana, it is known as the chinook. The vent d'Espagne torments southern France, the Canterbury northwester plagues New Zealand, the zonda works its sorcery in Argentina. For all these winds and about 20 others with indigenous names, the scientific term is foehn (pronounced fern). It denotes a moving air mass which, after crossing mountains, regenerates itself into a hot, dry, gusty wind.

Everywhere, the witch's wind rides a capricious broomstick. A foehn can last for a few hours or two weeks. On one visit it hugs the mountain slopes. On the next it sails out at 75 miles an hour past the crest before dive-bombing the earth. It once hammered Innsbruck, Austria, with 80-mile-an-hour blasts that derailed two 3½-ton streetcars and tossed a third upside down. Its velocity spirals so unexpectedly that monitoring instruments have broken down trying to keep up with it.

It may sweep dirt and debris up in zero-visibility "walls" hundreds of feet high, while a mile on either side the air is soft and clear.

Most mysterious of the wind's effects is what Europeans call the foehn disease. Typically, its victims say that they are surly, irritated, on edge. They cite moods of frustration and depression, inability to concentrate. In Austria, Germany and Switzerland there are Anti-foehn pills. Last year, Munich's Institute of Balneology and Climatology studied a group of 5000 persons chosen because of their sensitivity to foehn. Fifteen to thirty percent of them acknowledged taking medication to reduce anxieties during foehn weather.

The foehn's wicked syndrome has become legendary, blamed for loss of milk in cows, lower industrial production, theatrical failures, flunking of exams, barroom brawls, wife-beatings, suicides, murder. In California's early days, defendants in crimes of passion could use the wind as an extenuating circumstance if it was blowing at the time of the incident.

Research supports the folklore. Investigations in a Munich industrial plant, correlating weather conditions with calls for medical help over a two-year period, showed that accidents increased in the wind; requests for surgical help rose 16 percent, and for other medical aid nearly 20 percent. A study in Bad Tölz, West Germany, indicated that in a foehn the spurt in com-

plaints from those suffering mental depression was significant and there were slightly more suicides than normal. Many times, wind-related ailments are noticed in advance. Israeli scientists found that certain patients experienced headaches, respiratory difficulties and other discomforts ten hours before meteorological equipment verified the presence of the khamsin, a Middle-East foehn.

What explains the distress? Dr. Nathan Robinson, of the Israel Institute of Technology at Haifa, suggests that it is brought about by a change in the electrical balance of the atmosphere—an increase in the proportion of atoms or groups of atoms carrying a positive rather than negative charge. These particles are called ions. Most authorities, says Dr. Robinson, are inclined to believe that negative ions are beneficial, positive ones are not. Russian investigators, for example, argue that asthma responds to treatment with negatively charged air. Experiments at Berkeley showed that mice infected with influenza were more likely to die in a heavy concentration of positive ions.

Looking for the invisible changes that initiate the wind-related distress, Dr. Robinson set up ion-counters and found a noticeable increase in positive ions 10 to 12 hours before the khamsin, the same early-warning time flashed by patients. He concluded that this abundance of positive charges—and not just heat or humidity or wind velocity—

is what causes distress in the witch's wind.

Firemen grow particularly tense from a witch's wind. Not because they are particularly weather-sensitive, but because they know all too well the infernos that often follow the wind. The Swiss town of Glarus was once destroyed by a fire storm racing on the last of the foehn. In the United States, the east wind swept the great Tillamook fire over 311,000 acres of Oregon forest in 1933. The Los Angeles basin has had Santa Ana-linked fires in 60 different years since 1900. As recently as last fall, a blaze blackened thousands of acres near Santa Barbara, trapping four firemen and burning them to death.

The irony in these recurring Santa Ana fires is that conditions for the wind's witchcraft can be predicted. Meteorologically, a high-pressure area slides in from the Pacific or Canada to stall in the Nevada-Idaho-Utah plateau; simultaneously, the atmospheric pressure is lower off the Southern California coast. In its restless search for balance, nature shifts air from the high to "fill" the low, thereby creating the northeasterly wind through the basin that stretches from Santa Barbara to Mexico.

The Santa Ana's wrath usually erupts in the fall and winter, when the chaparral, the native brush, is parched from rainless months. Much of this vegetation survives the drought by secreting an oiliness, multiplying the combustibility. And the wind, with its hurricane-like

speed, shoots flames across a dozen acres in a single minute.

For firemen the problem is compounded: nowhere else are so many expensive estates perched on difficult mountainous terrain. The fury of 1961's witch's wind-whipped inferno raced fiery pincers up the hills of fashionable Bel Air and Brentwood, incinerating 484 costly homes. That year, movie stars, millionaires and other famous personalities stood outside their residences anxiously using garden hoses to water down their roofs. Among those saving their homes was a then-out-of-office politician—Richard Nixon.

In 1970, the witch's wind rose to 72 miles an hour in parts of the Los Angeles basin; humidity dropped to two percent and temperature topped 100°. The first fire was spotted by a motorist who saw flames spreading from trash dropped near a Malibu station of the county fire department. Crazy gusts in the canyons north of Los Angeles jumped sparks around like flashes from a welder's torch. Wooden shingles torn from burning roofs flew 2500 feet high—"flaming Frisbees," one fireman called them—before landing a mile or two away and starting new fires. There were thousands of ignition

points. As the flames stabbed on, fire linking with fire, the perimeter of burning came to stretch, unbroken, for 147 miles. Flames mushroomed out of control in seven counties. Near San Diego, thousands of people were driven from their homes as 175,400 acres, about half in the Cleveland National Forest, were being charred. The pilot of a fire-fighting plane, registering an indicated airspeed of 70 m.p.h., said it was actually being shoved backward in the violent winds. Forty miles away, a giant gray-black pall hung over San Diego, dumping ash and soot and reminding one man of *The Last Days of Pompeii*.

Eight days went by before the winds abated. The toll was staggering. Fourteen persons were dead. In Los Angeles County, 300 firemen, one of every three on the lines, had suffered some injury. A total of 795 homes and buildings had been leveled. For some, it was the third time they had seen their homes besieged by flames. Property damage reached upward of \$100 million. Nearly 500,000 acres had been denuded into endless hills on which there was not a twig, nor a touch of anything green—victim of the witch's wind.



*In Desperation.* During the auto workers' strike, I took my car back to the dealer because I was having trouble with the electrical system. When I came to pick it up, the service manager said, "It was the alternator. We looked all over town for a new one, but couldn't find one because of the strike." In an apologetic tone, he concluded, "We finally had to fix your old one."

—Contributed by Robert Haugstad

## Involved Americans

How a graduate student, an airline pilot and a scientist—each by that "small, splendid effort" on tap in almost everyone—have helped make our country a better place to live in

# Three Ways to Get Something Done

BY JAMES E. ROPER

DENIS DETZEL, 26, a graduate student in education at Northwestern University, had a disturbing thought: Millions of Americans want to learn, and other millions have knowledge to impart, but the two groups seldom get together outside formal classrooms.

Why not, he reasoned, match them up?

With high hopes and \$25, Detzel and five other students formed what they called the Learning Exchange. They passed out leaflets offering to register the name of anyone who wanted to teach, or learn, or just discuss some topic. People with similar interests would be put in touch with one another. They borrowed the evening use of a telephone and took

turns answering calls. In the first month, they received fewer than a dozen.

"Everybody said it was a great idea," Detzel remembers, "but nobody telephoned."

Detzel and his chief colleague, Bob Lewis, haunted newspaper offices and radio stations, getting them to publicize the project. Other students made posters for display in stores, libraries and coin laundries. Gradually inquiries increased—to a dozen telephone calls a week, then a dozen a night, until on some nights the phone was busy past the ten o'clock closing time.

The matchings began. A retired teacher was assigned to tutor elementary-school pupils. Another

helped a woman pass a high-school equivalency test that entitled her to a better-paying job in a hospital. A radio broadcaster taught newscasting to a Puerto Rican who planned to return to his homeland to use his new skills. A Chinese woman taught Chinese cooking to Lewis's wife, Sandy; she, in turn, gave piano lessons to the woman's children. After a year's operation, the exchange listed instructors for 191 subjects and students for 209. Fields of interest ranged over the arts, sciences, languages, history, hobbies, religion, politics and athletics—but also included less conventional subjects such as transcendental meditation and mah-jongg.

Says Detzel: "Anyone with a telephone and box of file cards can start his own Learning Exchange. It costs almost nothing."<sup>6</sup>

EASTERN AIRLINES pilot William L. Guthrie, flight bag in hand, walked briskly through the Miami sidewalk to a waiting DC-8 aircraft and, more obdurate than usual, took his place in the cockpit. As he checked out the plane's instruments, Guthrie knew that the date—August 1, 1970—would be momentous for him. It was his 30th anniversary as a pilot for Eastern, but it was also his personal Independence Day.

For ten years Guthrie had fretted that commercial airlines were polluting the atmosphere by unnecessarily

dumping fuel into the air. Every time a jet engine was shut off, fuel drained away from the engine fuel lines—lest it, through expansion, continue to ooze into the burner section—into holding cans in the engine cowlings. When the plane took off, this fuel automatically spewed into the air.

Guthrie had pointed out to his superiors at Eastern that the holding cans easily could be drained before takeoff. He had written protests to government officials. All replied that he was worrying about a trifle. Indeed, a four-engine aircraft vented little more than three quarts of fuel on each takeoff. But the aggregate was estimated at a staggering 6000 tons of kerosene dumped over the United States yearly.

Guthrie chose his anniversary flight to handle the problem himself. Before his big aircraft lifted off the Miami runway it was drained. Then en route to San Juan, Puerto Rico, Guthrie radioed ahead that the holding cans would have to be drained again before he would take off on his next leg to New York. The San Juan ground crew did the job in four minutes. Guthrie also had the cans drained in New York before returning to Miami.

"I completed three trips without incident," he says. "Other Eastern pilots began to have their holding cans drained too. It looked as if Eastern would lead the industry."

Then Eastern officials instructed ground crews not to drain the cans. When Guthrie insisted, he was

fired for insubordination. The pilots union, charging that the firing was illegal, hinted at a strike. The National Air Pollution Control Administration, prodded by letters from citizens applauding Guthrie's action, ordered the airlines to make plans to stop dumping any fuel around airports. The Air Transport Association, representing the airlines, promised to tackle the problem, "now that it has been brought into focus."

Eastern and other airlines started tests that showed, ironically, that it wasn't even necessary to drain fuel out of the engines: no harm is done if the kerosene remains in the fuel line. When all the test data are compiled, the airlines may well abandon the drain-off system completely.

Eastern rescinded the firing of Guthrie, gave him back pay and assigned him to be a company consultant on waste control. Says an Eastern spokesman: "We'd rather have him with us than against us. He's quite a valuable individual."

Says Guthrie: "I tried to help."

A BATTERED BUS rolled to a stop in rural Maryland, and out tumbled a dozen smiling teen-age boys. Some picked up tools to work among pine trees; others went into greenhouses to pot azaleas and poinsettias, or joined some teen-age girls who were fashioning floral arrangements in a classroom. All the youngsters worked with clumsy fingers, or walked with shuffling gait. When a few stopped smiling, their expressions went blank. All were

mentally retarded. Some were Mongoloids.

At one time most of these retarded children of Prince Georges County would have stayed in their homes, or in public or private institutions ill-equipped to develop them into self-reliant adults. But in 1962, Samuel L. Scheinberg, a geneticist at the U.S. Department of Agriculture's research station at Beltsville, Md., proposed that parents of the retarded establish a school to train them to work in horticulture, where the pace was slow and the demand for workers great. Scheinberg and an agricultural engineer at Beltsville, Bill Bailey, were given the use of seven acres of surplus government land near the town of Upper Marlboro and founded the Melwood Horticultural Training Center.

The center struggled for several years, until finally enough citizens' groups rallied to get it moving. Members of Lions clubs worked weekends to build workshops and greenhouses. County building inspectors put together a tool shed. The Prince Georges County Association for Retarded Children, composed mostly of parents of the retarded, hired Earl Copus, Jr., a former Peace Corps worker in Brazil, as director.

Today there are 60 trainees at the center. Each youngster has to walk several blocks to a bus pickup point, which accustoms him to being independent. Each has to take "survival training" at Melwood—how to read traffic signs, make a telephone call, pay for a hamburger. When I visited

<sup>6</sup>For information and catalogues write Learning Exchange, 828 Davis St., Evanston, Ill. 60201.

the center recently I saw the boys carefully putting blooming flowers, which they had raised in greenhouses, into pots. Next, an assembly-line of girls wrapped the pots with colored paper and ribbon. Other girls worked with artificial flowers and candles, making wreaths and centerpieces. As trainees become proficient, they begin to receive small salaries, with frequent raises as skills increase. All the items they make are sold through supermarkets, department stores and Melwood's own retail shop. A trainee, making a sale, punched the cash register with painful awkwardness, but made change correctly—and smiled in triumph.

Sales of products and services now

pay one third of Melwood's \$300,000 annual cost, with the rest coming from government fees, grants or community contributions. More important, Melwood has enabled 40 young graduates—who once barely were able to take care of their personal needs—to hold competitive jobs with nurserymen, florists and government agencies.

While inspecting an empty classroom, I came upon a new arrival sitting on the floor behind a file cabinet. The lad smiled, got up and left. "Don't worry," an aide said. "He'll make it." As if by confirmation, a boy with long experience at Melwood stated confidently, "I used to be retarded myself."



### Tent Flaps

A MAN describes his wife on a camping trip: "When she screams, I never know whether to grab my rifle or a fly swatter."

—Contributed by Bette McElroy

I'VE MADE a valiant effort to enjoy camping, but after I had complained to my husband of another sleepless night curled around rocks, fighting claustrophobia and trying to keep our sons covered, he shook his head and said, "I guess we'll never make a camper out of you." "But I *love* camping," I protested, "except for the sleeping!"

"Honey," he said sadly, "without the sleeping it's called a picnic."

—Contributed by Judith M. Colvin

DURING the long drive home from a weekend camping expedition, my bride broke the weary silence by announcing flatly: "I hope you're not going to ask me what I'm thinking about, because I don't know how I'm going to explain that I was thinking about what to say if you asked me what I was thinking about."

—Contributed by Robert A. Spain

BY CARL MYDANS

## Unforgettable Margaret Bourke- White

*Strikingly handsome, determinedly feminine, Maggie pioneered photography and rose to pre-eminence in the male-dominated world of pictorial journalism*



ALFRED RUBIN/ALAMY

MY MEMORY of the first time I saw Margaret Bourke-White is as sharp and evocative as one of her photographs. It was more than 30 years ago. There she stood, her back to me, two shapely legs, two slender feet in expensive shoes, and the rest of her hunched under the great black cloth that covered her camera.

"Put it on the table," she called out, and an arm appeared and pointed. She came out from under her cloth and reached for her pocket-book. Then she saw me and, laughing away her mistake, exclaimed, "I thought you were the sandwich man. Come and look! My caterpillar eggs

are turning into caterpillars. Oh! I'm so glad you've come at this very moment. It's so exciting, isn't it?"

Later, after we became friends and colleagues, I found how revealing that first meeting was of Maggie's greatness as a photographer and as a person. It did not matter that day that she didn't even know who I was. What mattered was the opportunity for her to share with me—with anyone, with everyone—the excitement she saw and felt in the world around her.

Maggie was strikingly handsome. Rather tall, she gave the impression of being petite. She was turning prematurely gray, but this frostiness



in her dark hair only accentuated the fresh charm of her chiseled features. Her smile was dazzling. As our long-time friend and fellow photographer, Alfred Eisenstaedt, has said, "Generals rushed to carry her cameras, and even Stalin insisted on carrying her bags." But to us, her masculine colleagues, she was Maggie, a veteran comrade in arms. We accepted her as one of us.

Maggie rose to pre-eminence in that remarkable decade—1925-1935—when camera development, editorial imagination and a breakthrough in printing processes combined to bring about a revolution in communications through the still picture. She was the first photographer for *Fortune* and later was one of the original four staff photographers for *Life*. As a result of her 12- and 14-page essays in *Life*, her monumental work became known throughout the world—beyond that of any other photographer.

Her choice of career was by casual circumstance. She started college with the idea of becoming a botanist, but during her junior year at Cornell University she found it necessary to support herself, and turned to taking pictures of Cornell's spectacular campus. From the moment she fell under the spell of photography, she was obsessed by what she and the camera could do together.

CARL MYDANS was a *Life* photographer from the magazine's birth in 1936 until his recent retirement. He is the author of *More Than Meets the Eye* and co-author with his wife, Shelley, of *The Violent Peace*.

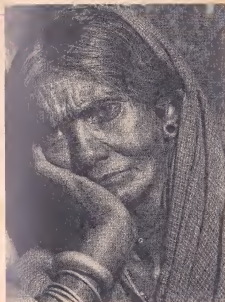
"After I found the camera," she once reflected, "I never really felt like a whole person unless I was planning pictures or taking them."

**Painting With Lights.** I came to *Life* just after Maggie did, when the magazine's first issue was still germinating. She was already a luminary and I an unknown; she already the creator of her own school of photography and I among the tiny vanguard of photographers who were to use the small 35-mm. camera with its new fast lenses and make a fetish of taking pictures in available light to retain the mood and reality of the scene. Together, in parallel efforts and techniques, Bourke-White and the 35-mm. school were to usher in an epoch of photography that now, 35 years later, still permeates our culture.

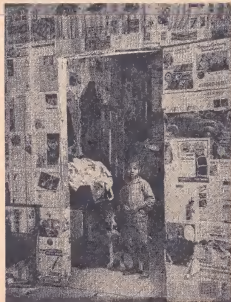
One of Maggie's technical contributions was her perfection of the synchronized multiple flash-bulb picture. In those days news photographers were called "Bang Box Boys." They shot pictures flat-on with one flash bulb on their cameras, producing chalk-white faces and tunnel-black backgrounds. Maggie, instead, connected a number of flash bulbs electrically and directed them at her subject from various angles, painting the subject with light much as a painter lights his subject with pigments. She photographed steel mills, skyscrapers, grain elevators, oil-cracking plants, dynamos. She made machinery beautiful and, as one critic said, "trans-



Margaret Bourke-White's photography reflects her relentless drive for perfection. This selection shows a Moscow air raid, 1941; the face of



hunger, India, 1947; brutal social conditions in the South, from "You Have Seen Their Faces" (Viking Press, 1936, with Erskine Caldwell)



formed the American factory into a Gothic cathedral."

Maggie established a new measurement of expectation for the art of the photograph. Her influence on all of us was incalculable. It was from her that I learned to worship the quality of a photographic print. Day after day I watched her mark up her pictures and send them back for reprinting until they met her standards. She was a perfectionist. Little that she ever did really satisfied her. "It's when my prints come out of the darkroom that I finally judge what I have done," she told me. "Sometimes I find something that gives me a thrill. More often I see what I failed to do, or what I did that wasn't right."

**Inner Toughness.** In her book, *Portrait of Myself*, published in 1963, Maggie provides an insight into the background of this strict self-judgment: "If my sister or I took one of those school examinations where you are required to answer only to questions out of 12, Mother's comment on hearing this would be, 'I hope you chose the hardest ones.' Reject the easy path. Do it the hard way."

Her father, a naturalist, engineer and inventor, similarly affected her attitude. "I realize now that his entire purpose was focused toward attaining his self-set standards," she wrote. "How deep in him the philosophy was: never leave a job until you have done it to suit yourself and better than anyone else requires you to do it. Perhaps this unspoken

creed was the most valuable inheritance a child could receive from her father."

This relentless drive, this inner toughness, often made Maggie seem a difficult person, almost ruthless, when she was at work. "Sometimes I could murder someone who gets in my way when I am taking pictures," she said. "I become irrational." When using her camera, Maggie was highly visible. Never one of the "invisible witness" 35-mm. school, she worked with a large camera and often a battery of assistants to carry her heavy equipment and set up lights. That was her style. An active, swiftly moving person, she had little patience with a slow assistant but frequently darted in and took over his tasks herself. She often left small eddies of turbulence behind her as, trailed by corporation heads, she swept through an industrial plant, or hurried up a mountain trail to photograph a battle followed by officers eagerly lugging her equipment.

Maggie was an emotional woman and often wept when she was moved or frustrated. I remember once when exterminators came to our office to fumigate an area where someone had had an infectious disease. A young and jealous photographer—Maggie's outstanding success sometimes made her the target of jealousy—sent them instead into Maggie's office. There they blindly sent forth their fumes, killing the whole lot of praying mantises she had been raising and photographing

and—to use her frequently employed word—"adoring." "How careless of them to think so little of life," she wept. "Whoever did it could not have been a photographer—not a true one anyway."

**Painful Starkness.** Married twice, both times briefly—"Mine is a life into which marriage doesn't fit very well"—Maggie was one of the first women to compete and excel in her male-dominated field. And in the process she fought spiritedly for rights of women to match those of men. Today, however, she might not be welcomed in women's lib, for the equal-rights fight she fought was really for her own aims and rights; and to win them, she often used the blandishments of femininity. It's a weapon many in women's lib consider a sham, but it often got Maggie in places like steel mills and battlefields where women had never been.

In her early years, her interests ranged widely, from insects to industry, agriculture to architecture, but gradually she became more and more absorbed in the tragedies of human conflict, in men's struggles to live. It was in the dust bowl in the 1930s that the major change came. "The columns of yellow dust drifting across the landscape became less important to me than the columns of helpless people set adrift by the eroding land," she said. And she turned her camera on these people and on their faces to make one of the great documents of Americans in disaster. These pictures were imprinted with a painful starkness

that was more and more to mark her photographs.

In spite of her femininity, Maggie did not cringe from any scene or action that she thought should be photographed and added to the record of humanity and the world we live in. During World War II she was torpedoed off North Africa and saved one of her cameras to photograph her rescue. The Germans bombed her in Moscow. She rode in American bombers over Tunis and artillery-spotting planes over Italy. She was ambushed in Korea and was in the vortex of rioting in Japan. Her photographs of stacks of naked dead bodies in the Nazi concentration camp at Buchenwald, as the *New York Times* said, stirred world revulsion.

"Sometimes," she told me, "I come away from what I have been photographing sick at heart, with the faces of people in pain etched as sharply in my mind as on my negatives. But I go back because I feel it is my place to take such pictures. To discover and disclose is essential, and that's what stirs me when I look through the camera."

**Long, Last Siege.** In 1952, near the end of her coverage of the Korean war, Maggie became aware of an unaccountable slowing down in what she called one of her greatest gifts: agility. A dull pain grew in her left arm and leg. She returned home to consult specialists, but for a long time her trouble went undiagnosed. When she finally learned that she had Parkinson's disease, she

met it as she did all adversaries: head on. She asked for more assignments, especially those that demanded hard physical activity. "Some unknown force was determined to stop me," she wrote, "and I was determined to fight it. I did not dream that it was the stealthy beginning of a siege during which I would face a word totally new to my vocabulary—incurable." Well-meaning people, she said, frequently advised her to learn to accept her illness. "My conviction was just the opposite. Laying down my weapons in the middle of the fight was unthinkable."

It took 19 years for the disease to stop her. The operation to control Parkinson's was still experimental. Twice she went into surgery, each time gaining short remissions and renewed hope. And each time the disease returned to attack her mobility. Unable to take pictures, she turned to writing her autobiography, determined to finish it no mat-

ter what the punishment. Every day she sat painfully pecking at the typewriter with almost immobile fingers.

As the disease tightened its grip, she fought back all the more furiously. "I'm under attack every minute," she said. "Every moment of inactivity, I lose what I cannot gain back. I fight it, fight it." She made heaps of crushed paper balls, working them with her fingers to retain mobility. She danced—toward the end she found that she could dance better than she could walk—and she walked, on and on, often stumbling, but walking on.

It was when, at 67, she fell and cracked three ribs and had to be immobilized that the disease at last found its chance. By the time the end came in August, 1971 only her clear mind and eyes—still alert and ranging—moved. It was these that made Margaret Bourke-White the great photographer and person that she was. And they were the last to go.



### Matters of Policy

THE Prudential Assurance Company in Montreal received the following letter: "Dear Sirs, I do not have a policy No. 569009. However, if this notice refers to policy No. 412581, which replaces policy No. 983727 and is referred to by policy No. MP 301444 on which policy No. M 216172 is attached, then be informed that I no longer need this coverage since a local agent will now take over the task of attempting to confuse me."

AN OHIO man writes: "I have finally thought of something good to say about inflation. This came over me like a cold bucket of gravy while I was thinking about the life-insurance program that I considered to be adequate ten years ago. It used to be that I was worth more dead than alive, but in these inflated times I ain't!"

—R. Jackson, quoted by Ollie James in *Cincinnati Enquirer*



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## LIFE IN THESE



SEATTLE, WASH.

## UNITED STATES

WHEN I got home from a five-day business trip, my wife unpacked my suitcase. She put away my shaving equipment, toothbrush, toothpaste and various toiletries, as well as aspirin and cold capsules. Finished at last, she gave me a big hug. "It's nice to have you back in the medicine cabinet," she said softly.

—C. J. M. (*Salt Point, N.Y.*)

ON A FAMILY trip to California, our enthusiasm reached its peak at Disneyland. Most excited of all was my father. After an hour of trying to keep up with this 50-year-old man, who was clutching a bag of popcorn in one hand and eagerly motioning us on to the next attraction with the other, I said to my sister, "Pop's just like a kid."

Shaking her head wearily, she replied, "He's worse. He's got his own money."

—ALAN D. MEHNER (*Omaha, Neb.*)

AFTER living and working in New York City for over a decade, I accepted a new job in the state of Washington. A few months later, feeling the need of a checkup, I asked a friend to recommend a doctor. "Sure," he replied with concern. "But what's wrong?"

I explained that back in New York I'd worked much harder, had a more

active social life, averaged about five hours' sleep—and never felt tired. Since coming to Washington, however, I was exhausted after a relatively easy day at the office, in spite of eight to ten hours' sleep each night.

His worried face brightened. With relief in his voice, he said, "Hell, there's nothing wrong with you now. There was something wrong with you *then!*"

—SHERI SUKOW (*New York, N.Y.*)

ONE of the men in my office invited the president of a local women's-lib organization out to dinner. She took advantage of the opportunity to state her position fully and clearly, while her date nodded agreeably throughout the meal.

When the check came, he handed it to her without comment. Unruffled, she handed it back, saying sweetly, "But I'm not hard-core."

—BRENDA KULTZING (*La Jolla, Calif.*)

DURING a state election campaign, a woman in our neighborhood let several campaign workers implant political signs in her yard. Her husband was annoyed, pointing out that they now had both Republican and Democratic signs out there.

"That's all right with me," the wife replied. "Those stakes are just right for my tomato plants."

—LLOYD BYERS (*Fargo, N.D.*)

WE HAD quite a large wedding, and throughout the preparations I was understandably nervous. My fiancé, however, was the picture of nonchalance, allowing neither major problems nor minor details to ruffle him. He maintained his calm even during the ceremony. As I met him at the al-

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Of course they are!

## The New Trend in Today's Music

SOMETHING wonderful has been happening on the pop music scene in the last 10 years... an explosion of musical ideas with a joyful, buoyant quality totally fresh and new. It's music so exciting, so completely tuneful—that it makes you wonder if they're not writing it *even better* than they used to! With this music, a whole string of new names has emerged... Burt Bacharach\* and Hal David, for instance, one of the most successful songwriting teams in the world today. They wrote the "Academy Award" winner "Raindrops Keep Falling On My Head" (from "Butch Cassidy"). Or Jim Webb, the fabulous talented man from Nashville who wrote "By the Time I Get to Phoenix". In fact, there's a whole new generation of young people who have worked their way up to well-earned success with such unforgettable hits as Hey Jude... The Windmills of Your Mind... Light My Fire... Walk On By... This Guy's in Love with You... Aquarius... Wichita Lineman... the melodies of today that are sure to be tomorrow's favourites too!

\*See the article on Burt Bacharach—Reader's Digest November 1970.

### Generation-Gap bridged

These days to pick the fine songs, the beautiful songs, the meaningful songs, means to consider the wealth of material turned out by singing groups, mostly teen-age who with their uncomplicated, yet always varied styles have been writing songs that have fascinated teenagers and parents alike, for almost a decade. There seems to be one drawback however, at least as far as the "quieter" generation is concerned: very often, the lovely melodies get "buried" beneath over-amplified guitars and other instrumental oddities! Realizing this the music-editors of the Reader's Digest, who know a great tune when they hear it, have gone to work to produce what has now become an outstanding achievement in the world of popular music—it is called "HAPPINESS IS"—a formidable stereo collection of some of the best music of today—played the way you like to hear it! 106 of today's most beautiful, most exciting tunes, were scored by the most talented arrangers in the world of popular music—the "with it" ones like Henry Mancini, Arthur Greenslade, Harry James, Duke Ellington, Billy

## THE GREAT SONGS OF TODAY!

This Guy's in  
Love with  
You • Both  
Sides Now •  
I Was a Little  
Rascal



By the Time  
I Get to  
Phoenix •  
True Grit •  
Wichita  
Lineman



Joan • The Windmills  
of Your Mind • Light  
My Fire



Raindrops Keep  
Fallin' on My Head •  
Walk On By •  
Good Morning  
Starshine

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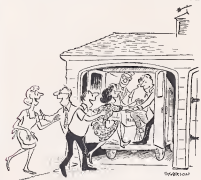
NOW!

tar, he smiled happily and asked, "New dress?" —CARMEN P. SANTOS (Alexandria, Va.)

MY WIFE brought home this story from the beauty parlor.

The co-workers of Suziko, the Japanese hairdresser, noted that, after more than a year of frugal living, she suddenly blossomed forth with an elegant new wardrobe plus a sparkling automobile. Their curiosity about her sudden affluence prompted the inevitable questions—and this enlightening explanation from Suziko: "The first year here I saved four thousand dollar. I put money in bank. I not know about write check." —C. D. HALL (Malvern, Pa.)

A BACHELOR friend, moving to a house in the suburbs, rented a panel truck, into which he loaded his books and furniture. Arriving at the house, he drove the truck into the connecting garage and unloaded it. Once the weight was off the springs, however, the vehicle became taller than the top of the garage door by several inches; he couldn't get it out. So he went around the neighborhood and asked all the housewives, their husbands, even the postman to come and stand in the truck. With their combined



weight, the truck was lowered enough to be moved out.

In one hilarious session, he got to know his neighbors and established himself as a fellow who needs help—and he has received a steady supply of cookies and cake ever since.

—ARCH NAFER (Albuquerque, N.M.)

THE MALE population of our office was visibly impressed—and shaken—by the arrival of curvaceous Rita, a new member of the secretarial pool. (Her desk, strategically close to the coffee machine, increased consumption and profits noticeably.)

One morning, my office door burst open. There stood Harvey, a middle-aged appreciator of life's finer things. "My gawd, Dick!" he exclaimed, his eyes wide. "You should see Rita today. She's wearing a *see-blue* throuse!"

—RICHARD N. WELTINGTON (Glendale, Mo.)

MY friend's husband is an avid reader. She has household chores lined up for him every Saturday, but he disappears to his den with a book. Finally, faced with an ultimatum, he agreed to compromise. Since most of his friends watch a Saturday ball game for two or three hours, he would spend a comparable amount of time—from 9 a.m. until noon—reading. The rest of the day he would help with odd jobs.

For several weeks everything went fine. Then, one Saturday, noon came and went with no husband in sight. At 12:30 one of the children was sent upstairs to see what was going on. The child returned with the report: "Daddy says to tell you, 'Doubleheader today!'" —MRS. WILLIAM POWERS (Vicenna, Va.)

Readers' contributions are solicited for this department. See page 10.

## The Case for the Remarkable Tudors

By Rolex of Geneva

The Tudors; a Dynasty that achieved remarkable prominence in fifteenth and sixteenth century England. The Tudors; the family that furnished five sovereigns of England. Henry VII, the first Tudor king (1485-1509) Henry VIII (1509-1547 Edward VI (1547-1553) Mary Tudor, Queen of England (1553-1558) and Elizabeth I (1558-1603).

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## Personal Glimpses

TV CHEF Julia Child was preparing for a demonstration at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington. Asked about the occasional calamities on her TV show, she replied, "Part of being a good cook is being able to recover."

What Mrs. Child meant soon became clear when a bowl of flour and eggs spilled all over the stove. "What a horrible mess!" she exclaimed, and began to mix a new batch, while her husband cleaned up.

—Time

NUBAR GULBENKIAN was one of the world's wealthiest men, and he enjoyed good living. He once bought a fabulous car in London and, in describing it, said, "It has disc brakes, whatever that is. It has automatic transmission, whatever that is. It has power steering, whatever that is. And it can turn on a sixpence—whatever that is."

—Leonard Lyons

SYMPHONY conductor Dean Dixon developed an original approach to teaching music appreciation to the very young when he was working on a doctorate in education at Columbia University Teachers College in the '30s. Observing that three- and four-year-olds want to touch whatever attracts them, he set the children on small chairs in the center of the orchestra. Each instrument was demonstrated alone, and then the children were invited to take their chairs and sit next to whichever instrument they liked. The final number was played with

each child sitting alongside, or perhaps holding onto the pants of the musician playing the instrument of choice.

—Robert Jacobson in *Philharmonic Hall* program

ACTOR Peter Falk, who won a 1972 Emmy for his acting as star of *Colombo*, lost his right eye to surgery when he was three years old, because of a malignancy. He was sensitive about it throughout childhood. "I got over my sensitivity all at once," he says. "As a teen-ager in Ossining, N.Y., I was playing in a softball game. The umpire called me out on a slide at third when I was safe by a mile. I was so enraged, I picked out my glass eye and handed it to him, in front of everyone. I haven't been sensitive about it since then."

—Richard K. Shull in *Detroit Free Press*

ODDEN NASH published this verse in 1968, three years before his death, in *There's Always Another Windmill*.<sup>\*</sup> It makes a fitting epitaph:

I didn't go to church today,  
I trust the Lord to understand.  
The surf was swirling blue and white,  
The children swirling on the sand.

He knows, He knows how brief my stay,  
How brief this spell of summer weather,  
He knows when I am said and done  
We'll have a plenty of time together.

—Published by Little, Brown

Readers' contributions are solicited for this department. See page 10.

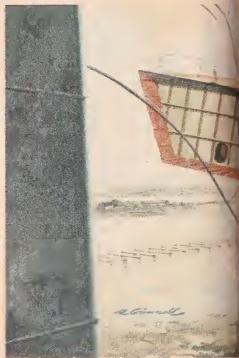
# The Day the Great Bridge Fell

Condensed from SUNDAY INDEPENDENT  
ANTHONY M. PAUL

To many of its builders, this mass of steel and concrete seemed almost alive. But deep within, it had a fatal sickness

**J**ust before the great bridge fell it gave one final warning that something was terribly, fatally, wrong: it shed its coat of rust. Rust particles, flicked from the weather-stained metal by awesome stresses within the bridge, swirled into workmen's faces. Steel bolts, previously galvanized gray, seemed suddenly to turn blue.

"The bridge is shrinking," assistant boilermaker Charlie Sant thought to himself. He tried to brush the mad idea aside, but massive buckles appeared in the decking.



"We're going down!" he shouted to his fellow workmen. It was too late to run, Sant decided. He sat down on a box of bolts to await the worst.

Moments later, at 11:50 a.m. on October 15, 1970, a 393¾-foot span of the magnificent new 8500-foot-long West Gate Bridge in Melbourne, Australia, crumpled and fell on workmen's huts along the River Yarra beneath.

It was one of history's worst bridgebuilding disasters—and one of the most inexcusable. Gross human frailty was to blame, said the



royal commission which investigated the tragedy: "Mistakes, miscalculations, errors of judgment and sheer inefficiency. Error begat error."

There is a romance about bridge-building which, many engineers feel, sets it apart from other construction work. The West Gate Bridge was no exception. The eight-lane ribbon of steel and concrete would be by far the biggest bridge in Australia—2¼ times as long as Sydney Harbour Bridge. More, it would be the new gateway to booming industries and burgeoning sub-

urbs west of Melbourne. Its two 350-foot towers would be the first glimpse of the city for ships at sea.

**Building Frictions.** Construction of this soaringly ambitious engineering project began in April 1968. The Lower Yarra Crossing Authority, which would own and operate West Gate Bridge, had secured an impressive group of contractors. The designers were Freeman, Fox and Partners, one of Britain's most experienced and respected international engineering firms. World Services and Constructions Pty., Ltd., a sub-



sidary of Wescon, a Netherlands-based company of world reputation, would handle the steelwork, and John Holland (Constructions) Pty., Ltd., a leading Australian contractor, the concrete.

At first, morale among the thousand or so men and women on the site and in the engineering offices could not have been higher. For many, the bridge seemed almost alive. But as the months passed, one thing after another went wrong—and enthusiasm waned. The most obvious difficulties were strikes and stop-work meetings by the men of World Services. Partly because of these and partly because of the company's poor on-site supervision (as the investigation later showed), World Services was seven months behind schedule by the end of 1969, and agreed to turn the major part of the steel contract over to John Holland.

Work speeded up after this changeover, but soon frictions developed between Holland and Freeman, Fox: vital questions referred to the London offices were answered slowly, if at all. Moreover, labor disputes, often for the most trivial reasons, continued to plague all contractors. Once, when a messenger girl returned with a serving of fish and chips instead of the hamburger requested by one of the men, all his mates stopped work until the correct order was obtained. Says David Ward, a Freeman, Fox section engineer, "Men would often just take a day off simply because they felt like

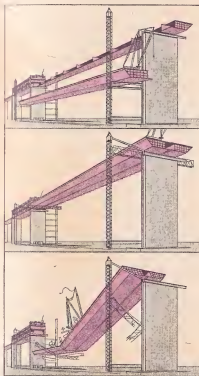
a holiday." The atmosphere was almost venomous.

Then, on June 2, 1970, a far-off event brought this witches' brew to a boil: at Milford Haven, a seaport in Wales, a Freeman, Fox bridge of similar design collapsed while under construction, and four workers were killed.

The news had a calamitous impact on the Melbourne bridgebuilders' already sliding morale. Executives from both John Holland and the Lower Yarra Authority demanded assurances from Freeman, Fox that their design was safe for future operations, and unions clamored about their members' safety. To calm their fears, Jack Hindshaw, resident engineer for Freeman, Fox in Melbourne, delivered a lecture on the suspected causes of the Milford Haven collapse. "I wouldn't be working here if I didn't think it was safe," he concluded.

**Shortcut to Trouble.** West Gate was designed as a box-girder bridge, so-named because the "girders" are in fact a series of steel-plate boxes joined together. Box girders combine beauty and strength with economy, but are difficult to erect. In fact, even as Hindshaw struggled to cool the managerial turmoil, a major construction headache was shaping up on the span between Piers 10 and 11.

This so-called 10/11 span stood 70 feet above the west bank. In order to make its nearly 400-foot length more manageable during erection, it was decided to assemble on the ground



Top: North section of box girders in place. South section being raised. Middle: South box-girder in place—but 4½ inches lower than north section. Bottom: Collapse of span after addition of weights

the two separate 7½-box longitudinal sections; each main box was, in turn, a complex steel-plate structure, 52 feet, 6 inches long and 42 feet wide. These two spans would then be lifted to the top of Piers 10 and 11 and be bolted together side by side to form the support for the bridge's roadway.

Although this type of assembly is uncommon, when sufficient care is taken the two spans will fit together

precisely—within an inch. But when the two sections of 10/11 span were brought together high above the riverbank in late August, at mid-span the northern half was 4½ inches higher than the southern.

Searching for a faster solution than lowering the two spans to the ground for correct reassembly, the harassed Hindshaw agreed to a suggestion by two John Holland engineers. On the site were ten unused concrete blocks, each weighing about eight tons. "Why not put these weights at the middle of the northern span and bring it down the necessary few inches?" asked the Holland men. Accordingly, seven of the blocks were moved to rails at mid-span.

It was the gravest of errors. On Sunday, September 6, a major buckle developed at the seam between the fourth and fifth of the eight boxes on the northern span.

**Operation Unbolt.** For more than a month, the engineers deliberated on how to correct the buckle. Then, on October 14, they acted. The plan was to undo certain bolts between Boxes 4 and 5, which would allow the steel to settle into proper alignment, then rebolt.

At about 8:30 a.m. on October 15, section engineer David Ward stood by as workmen began loosening the bolts. And after 37 bolts had been undone, the operation appeared to be having some success—the bulge had been flattened from 4½ inches to 1½.

Then all at once the buckle spread. A tremor ran through the bridge,

and the northern span settled gently. No longer able to sustain its own weight, it was supported only by the southern span.

Ward and his men, not realizing the full implications of what had happened, yet sensing urgency, speeded up their efforts to get the bolts back into place. But it was already too late. The bridge's time was at hand.

11 a.m.:\* Ward sends an urgent message to Hindshaw asking him to join him on the bridge.

11:15: Inspector John Thwaites, who has been helping supervise bolt removal, notices that a steel plate inside Box 5 has buckled inward, apparently under terrific pressure.

11:30: Hindshaw joins Ward at the 4/5 splice. After studying the new buckles, he wonders aloud whether to call the men off.

11:45: Rigger Edwin Halsall sees the new buckles and the rust flaking from around the 4/5 splice. "It looks bad," he tells his foreman, then takes the elevator to the ground; it's lunchtime.

11:50: Inspector Thwaites studies with rising concern the radically changed appearance of the 4/5 seam. The cover plate is twisted up in the air; rust is coming off in large flakes. There is only one thing to do: warn Ward immediately. He strides across the 4/5 splice toward the spot where he believes Ward is working.

Thwaites failed to reach the hut. With a terrible wrenching of metal, the bridge fell from beneath his feet!

\*All times are approximate.

Miracles in Mid-Air. Span 10/11 had buckled downward near its middle. As a 19-ton crane, an oil tank and huts on the decking tumbled like ninepins toward the center of the V, the falling girders slammed into Pier 11. With a thunderous rumble, the 160-foot pier disintegrated and, with the span itself, collapsed onto the bank and into the river in a shower of mud, water and rubble. As torn electrical cables ignited ruptured oil tanks, huts caught fire and bottles of oxyacetylene gas began exploding.

Many men had amazing escapes. Charlie Sant, who had thought the bridge was shrinking, Ward and Thwaites were among those who rode the span to the ground and somehow lived. Ed Halsall, who had just left the elevator, saw the bridge falling on him, and began running. A second ahead of oblivion, a blast of air forced from beneath the bridge lifted the stocky rigger like a feather and blew him 20 yards to safety.

Rigger's assistant, Desmond Gibson, had the most miraculous escape. He had knelt to ream a bolt hole near the 4/5 splice when the two spans tore apart, inches from his face. As he was thrown backward, Box 4 literally opened up and swallowed him. With steel crunching and twisting around him, Gibson bounced about in the falling box. Incredibly, the impact with the ground didn't even break any bones.

Most were not so fortunate. Of the 68 men on the site at the time, 35—including Hindshaw—died.

Grim Axiom. Of all those involved in the project, the royal commission found only the various suppliers of building materials blameless in the disaster. "In greater or less degree," said the commissioners, "the Authority itself, the designers, the contractors, even the labor engaged in the work, must all take some part of the blame." Freeman, Fox—the firm to which "the greater part of the blame must be attributed"—was dismissed. The commissioners also urgently recommended that an independent consultant re-examine thoroughly all parts of the bridge built so far. (It is, at this writing, scheduled for completion early in 1974—at a total cost of \$69 million.) Indeed, since the collapse of West Gate, box-girder bridges throughout the world have been examined for danger signs. In England alone, the government has

ordered the strengthening of 16 of 51 such bridges; another 16 are still under study.\*

It is a bridgebuilders' grim axiom that they learn more from their failures than from their successes. And though it is small consolation for the dead and injured and their families, Melbourne is a fortunate community. As Nicholas Clark, head of the transport-studies department at Melbourne University put it, "The bridge was sick and had to die. We're lucky that it fell when it did, not while a thousand cars stood on its carriages."

\*In all, four box-girder bridges have collapsed during erection since November 1969: the Fourth Danube Bridge, Vienna, November 1969; Milford Haven Bridge, West Gate Bridge, Koblenz Bridge, West Germany, November 1971. Engineers say the disasters had little or nothing in common, beyond the obvious fact that safety margins were exceeded in all four instances.



### Spanish Appraisals

I AM unusually tall for a woman, measuring six feet in my stretch tights. At a party in Belgium, a U.S. vice consul who speaks Spanish fluently reported a conversation he'd had with a consul from a Latin American country who wished to be introduced to me. "In Spanish," the American told me, "a tall woman is referred to as a cathedral, and I spoke of you in those terms. 'No, no,' cried the Latin American consul. 'This lady is no cathedral—she is the Vatican.'"

—Contributed by Gwendoline Kingmill

SPANISH men glorify women—all women—and enjoy their society. Each thinks of himself as the reincarnation of Don Juan Tenorio. Every woman on the sidewalk, regardless of class or age, merits a stare and a careful assessment of her retreating figure from the ankles up.

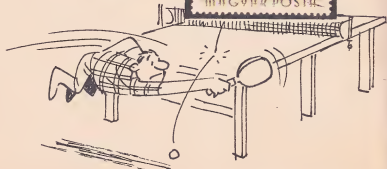
Of the great variety of the Sevillian man's *piropos*—the compliments he would bestow upon a passing female—I recall particularly: "So many curves and me without brakes!"

—Barnaby Conrad, *Fun While It Lasted* (Random House)

# Stamptoons

By LO LINKERT

One of Canada's most prolific cartoonists, Lo Linkert has produced more than 13,500 drawings since moving to Canada from West Germany in 1956. Today his work appears in hundreds of magazines around the world. Lo, who lives in Port Coquitlam, B.C., drew his first Stamptoon in 1966. Among his hobbies, naturally, is stamp collecting.



# THE ENCHANTED ISLAND OF CORFU



The monastery of Vlachernes with Mouse Island behind it

HERE, they say, shipwrecked Ulysses was washed ashore into the adoring arms of Nausicaä, and on a nearby island Antony drank lovers' toasts with Cleopatra just before tragedy struck them down. Here the conceited Nero sang, and Napoleon made one of his first conquests. Here in 1921

was born a baby named Philip, now the Duke of Edinburgh and consort to Queen Elizabeth.

This is the "Venus of the Isles," which Greeks call Kerkyra and the rest of the world calls Corfu. It's one vast garden about 38 miles long and 16 wide, inhabited by some 110,000 people who greet

PHOTO: SHOSTAL

## Armchair Travelogue

BY GORDON GASKILL



*Could the great god Pan be still alive and dancing to the shepherd's pipes in this lush and lazy paradise?*

you and each other with a smiling "Yia hara!"—roughly, "Be happy!"

Corfu is wildly different from other Greek islands which tend to be rocky and barren. Corfu is green, in places almost tropically lush, and every turn of every road reveals new beauty: offshore islets, sheer headlands, endless empty

beaches of tawny golden sand, great green-and-silver groves of olives, of oranges and lemons and figs, masses of wild daisies and yellow broom, elegant arcades, noble old fortresses, neat peasant cottages in white or pastel shades, embowered with geraniums and bougainvillea.



Corfu is also the most accessible of the Greek islands, with nonstop flights arriving from Rome and London and modern car-ferries which link it with the Greek mainland and Italy. The island, in fact, has a definite Western air, especially Italian. Many of her noblest buildings were erected by the Venetians. But the elegant arcades on the Esplanade, Corfu Town's gracious main square, look very French — and indeed were modeled on the Rue de Rivoli in Paris during seven years of Napoleonic occupation. Fifty years of British rule have also made the Corfiotes the only Greeks who drink *tsintsin-beera* (ginger beer), eat chutney and play cricket.

Even Corfu's olives are different. Others around the Mediterranean grow on short gnarled trees, and are harvested by beating. But a famous Corfiote saying goes: "Everybody knows olive trees and women should be beaten, but here we're too lazy to do either." Instead, they



*A typical narrow street in Corfu Town*

PHOTO: NAY VERER

*The relics of St. Spyridon — Corfu's patron saint — are carried in a golden casket during a colorful annual procession*

PHOTO: ELLEN WOOD



let their four million trees grow to 25 feet or more, and wait philosophically until the olives fall to earth. Although the fruit is small, it makes wonderful oil.

Furthermore, no other place has a patron saint like Corfu's St. Spyridon — perhaps the most adored



*Some of Corfu's four million olive trees grow to 25 feet or more. Corfiotes are too lazy to harvest them — they just wait till the fruit falls*

PHOTO: LORAIT-RAPHO



*The monastery of Paleocastritsa*

PHOTO: BRISTOL

saint anywhere. Oddly, he was a native of Cyprus, where he died in the fourth century, at an age well over 90. According to legend, his remains were brought to the island in a saddlebag by a priest from Constantinople sometime in the 15th century.

Once on the island, Spyridon's prestige rose fantastically. One can hardly imagine how important he is to Corfiotes. Who else could have expelled the 1630 plague — by changing it into a cat and driving it away? Who else could have repelled the Turkish attackers in 1716? And today, every Corfiote sailor rescued from shipwreck knows exactly who saved him, and no bus, taxi, car or boat moves an inch without his icon on it somewhere.



Corfu has existed for 20,000 to 30,000 years, according to recent diggings. Homer was the first to write of it, if scholars are right in identifying northwestern Corfu with the poet's kingdom of the Phaeacians, led by King Alcinoüs, the father of Nausicaä. I stayed at the very place where some archeologists think King Alcinoüs had his palace. This is perhaps the island's most famous beauty spot, the lovely little bay of Paleocastritsa, a roundel of clear water in every shade of blue and green that heads up in a curving beach of yel-

low sand. Smack on the beach is one of the island's most sought-after hotels with only eight rather primitive rooms but booked at least a year ahead.

Corfiotes say that Ulysses met the king's daughter, Nausicaä, down the coast about five miles, where she was washing clothes. A sailor took me to the spot. Here a clear cold stream of freshwater swirls down from the overhanging mountains. It bubbles around moss-covered rocks and wild flowers until, on the golden beach just before running into the sea, it forms a su-



*Corfu's most famous beauty spot, the lovely bay of Paleocastritsa*

PHOTO: KAZO RAPHO

perb little pool. Nausicaä couldn't have picked a better spot to wash clothes, or to pick up the exhausted Ulysses, cast up on the beach.

Corfu swims firmly from legend into history in 734 B.C. when the Greek city-state of Corinth planted a colony here. Rome ruled Corfu nearly six centuries. One day, during the reign of Emperor Tiberius, a ship docked in Italy, and her pilot reported having an eerie experience as his ship passed Paxos, one of Corfu's little dependent islands. The night, he said, was dark, quiet, almost windless. Suddenly a mighty voice from the land repeated three times: "The great god Pan is dead!" Since that day, scholars, theologians and poets have wondered what it meant.

At Corfu's invitation, Venice took over the island late in the 14th century and ruled it some 400 years. Napoleon defeated Venice in 1797 and annexed Corfu. When he fell in 1814, Corfu and her sister isles were formed into a supposedly independent nation called "the United States of the Ionian Islands," under the "guidance" of Great Britain. In fact she ran them as a British colony for 50 years, finally ceding them in 1864 to the new kingdom of Greece. For much of this time Corfu—not Athens—was the intellectual heart of Greece. The first modern Greek academy was established here in 1732, and the British founded a real university in 1824 which pro-

vided most of the lawyers, doctors, professors and officials for all of Greece.

Royalty has long loved Corfu, from Tiberius and Nero down to the present Greek royal family, which has for years had a villa here. The sad, unstable Empress Elizabeth of Austria, estranged wife of the Emperor Francis Joseph, fell wildly in love with what she called "my magic isle." She built a fantastic villa on a lovely hilltop about five miles south of Corfu Town, dedicating it to Achilles. Later Kaiser Wilhelm II of Germany bought the villa and ordered this boasting dedication put on a statue of the wounded Achilles: "To the greatest of the Greeks from the greatest of the Germans." Today this huge, strange villa, surrounded by exotic gardens, is a smart gambling casino.

Some Corfiotes lament that their lovely island is already overcommercialized and overbuilt. Luckily they have touchingly simple ideas of what "overbuilding" means. A local friend tried to dissuade me from driving up to Sidari on the northwestern tip of the island: "It used to be lovely and peaceful there, but now it's overbuilt and ruined." I went anyway, to find a handful of small restaurants, with miles of magnificent sandy beaches stretching away on either side, absolutely empty. Nearby was a sandy cove with a natural stone arch just offshore, called the Channel of

Love. It's one of the loveliest swimming spots I've ever seen, with nothing at all built on it.

Of course tourism is growing in Corfu which today receives about 100,000 visitors a year.

But most of the hotels are concentrated on a few packed spots. Otherwise the island seems oddly empty of tourists, an almost untouched Garden of Eden. Most of the natives gave me a simple answer for this: "Bad roads!"

Even the good roads are apt to peter out suddenly or change into dusty potholed tracks. Yet some of my finest trips were spent crawling along them at five to ten miles an hour in a rented car, forced to see every roadside flower, every goat grazing among the fig trees and every grassy dell. I came to villages where people, some still in traditional native costume, acted as if they'd never seen a foreigner before. One peasant offered me bread, wine—and fresh garlic to eat, like scallions. He said garlic not only cures all bites and stings, but keeps witches and werewolves away, too. Late one afternoon I saw countrymen begin to dance slowly, on the round threshing floor, and I suddenly felt a pagan presence going back to the days when the human race was young.

One day I bounced and crept through the tiny hamlet of Krini on a rocky grassy track that ended in lost olive groves. From then on it's by foot up the ruins of Castel

Angelo, built in the 13th century, now grass-grown, dappled with wild flowers. Once you get your breath back, there can be no lovelier panorama in God's world. Below you, far far down, lies fantastic Paleocastritsa. Off in the purple distance you see all the indented bays and beaches, the clouds of olive trees. The cliff you stand on falls a thousand feet into a sea of dark blue crystal.

Corfu is still full of myth and legend. Some peasants still believe in a little sprite, the *Kalikansaros*, a kind of gremlin which—unless placated with a gift of cake or milk—will turn milk sour, unlock your doors, lose your goats, puncture your tires. And the belief that some bad humans can turn into vampires isn't quite dead yet either.

A lazy golden paganism lies over the ancient island. Corfiotes still carry special food to the tombs of loved ones—a mixture of raisins, pine-nuts, wheat, pomegranate seeds, almonds and honey—just as they did in pagan times. True, they burn tons of candles to St. Spyridon—but they insist just as strongly on wearing a very ancient charm against the evil eye.

Once on an amethyst morning, high in the mountains, when I caught music from a faraway shepherd's pipes dancing to me down the wind, I wondered suddenly whether the great god Pan really is dead after all. Or is he alive and well and still living in Corfu?

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# How to Get Control of Your Time (and Your Life)

First, say time-management experts, you must figure out where you are headed—and why

*Condensed from NEW YORK  
JANE O'REILLY*

**M**ANY people go through life without finding any satisfaction in the simple fact of being alive. Yet this lifetime is the only time we will have—we had better make the most of it. Few of us do, of course. We act as if this time were just a practice run for the next. As George Bernard Shaw said, we seem not to live long enough to take our lives seriously.

Fortunately, however, we live in an age when people have developed methods to help us—if we choose—to use our time wisely. One such person is Alan Lakein, president of the only company in America exclusively devoted to time-management. For \$50 an hour, he will see anyone, but he prefers a healthy, well-motivated person who already has a goal and is trying to work toward it. At last count he had given

his time-management seminar to nearly 11,000 people. Lakein tries to help men and women improve their motivation, reset direction (if it seems desirable or necessary), or find ways around or through situations that block them.

"Most people don't think in terms of minutes," says Lakein. "They waste all the minutes. Nor do they think in terms of their whole life. They operate in the mid-range of hours or days. So they start over again every week, and spend another chunk unrelated to their lifetime goals. They are doing a random walk through life, moving without getting anywhere."

The real question is: What do we really want to do? If we do not know, sooner or later we will realize that, whatever it was, there just isn't enough time left to do it. Our life-

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time is not entirely our own, and yet it is all we have, and it is absurd to spend that time in constant reaction and accommodation to someone else's plan—whether that plan is imagined as God's, the boss's or a spouse's. Distinctions must be made. If it is the boss's time, then we must do his thing. Done properly, this should leave us time of our own to do our thing.

It takes organization and concentration to carve out your own time, but most important of all it takes self-knowledge to *know what you want to do with it*. Without goals and motivation the time will evaporate. "A typical best use of time is to plan," says Lakein. Some people don't even make lists, much less imagine that today is connected with next week and five years from now. "But you can't effectively plan the next few days without deciding on the next ten years," says Lakein.

And so he begins by asking you to sort out priorities:

*What are your lifetime goals?*

Write down everything you can think of, including money, career, physical, family, social, community, spiritual and personal goals. Try to fill up an entire sheet of paper. Now, place an "A" in front of three goals that are most important to you. On another sheet of paper, be specific about each of the three: identify sub-goals, logical next steps, immediate plans. Then, from each A goal, select one "next step" to take next week. Now you have an action program! This list should be redone once a

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month, to keep up a continuous and evolving spiral of improvement.

"Great power comes from having a clearly identified list of lifetime goals," says Lakein. It is not unknown for a client at this point to decide that his minutes are not adding up to a lifetime he wants.

A busy woman lawyer, for example, told Lakein that her problem was not having enough time. After she'd made a list of her lifetime goals, which began, "To be left alone," he pointed out that there were inconsistencies between her overcrowded life and her stated goal. It emerged that her problem was an inability to say no to anyone. She and Lakein worked together on a list of tactful ways to get her off the hook. Not only was time saved, but she improved her self-esteem by developing the courage to say no.

*How would you like to spend the next five years?* Not how *will* you, or how *should* you, but how would you *like* to? If you have just written down as a lifetime goal a desire to be rich, and now find yourself answering, "I would *like* to be building birdhouses in British Columbia," you have not been honest in Question 1. The point is to discover your own goals, not the ones you have been taught. We do too many things because of some atavistic sense that we have to. But do we? Even if the action was originally sensible, is it sensible now?

Herbert A. Shepard, a behavioral consultant to government and industry, asks clients to explore their



wildest dreams—the fantasies or impossibilities they have filed permanently away because “People don’t do that” or “I don’t have time.”

Milton Glaser asks his students at New York’s School of Visual Arts to *design a perfect day for yourself five years from now*. There are all kinds of similar games—such as writing your own obituary—which, if taken seriously, can release people who are trapped not so much by circumstances as by lack of imagination.

Last August, a reporter made a survey of young matrons sitting around a Long Island club pool. Their days were filled with sunshine and bathing suits and tennis lessons. The reporter asked them about their favorite fantasies. “They had none,” she reported, “only fears.” Fears of losing their money or their looks. Without imagination there can be no alternatives, and no motivation.

*How would you like to live if you knew you would be dead six months from today?* With this question, Lakein forces the client to face what is basically important to him.

Similarly, Shepard asks people, “When are you really glad you’re alive?” and “What do you regret not doing lately?” Many people have never consciously thought out the answers, and once they recognize their own feelings, they can begin to set firm policies to see that their lives are arranged to make

them happier more often while reducing guilt and frustration. And that is the point of the process: to meet the stranger that is often ourselves, and to establish priorities that take that person into account.

An executive told Lakein that he needed help because he couldn’t do 25 things at once—all of which he was deeply interested in. He and Lakein finally found out that the executive couldn’t delegate trivia. In fact, he was arranging to be overburdened at the office so that he didn’t have to go home at night—because he didn’t like his wife. Because he wasn’t home he felt guilty about not seeing his children, so he poured energy into a boys’ club.

The best use of his time turned out to be to delegate so that he could concentrate on the creative work which would get him the recognition he wanted, and have time to see his children, and see if he might after all like his wife, whom he didn’t really know very well.

“There is always enough time to do what is important,” says Lakein. (Many people take the most productive hours of the day, between 8 and 11 a.m., to read newspapers, drink coffee, chat.) Once we have realized that there is time for the important things, the next problem is to do them. *Now!* After all, as Lakein says, “Time is life.”



“One of life’s greatest pleasures . . . a miracle of refreshment,” the sauna is catching on worldwide

## Keeping Fit the Finnish Way

BY RONALD SCHILLER

THE temperature in the gloomy log cabin in which we sat in sweat-drenched nakedness was 203° F., and still rising. Although I crouched on the lowest and coolest bench, the wooden slats were too hot to touch. Were it not for the towel under me, I would have been branded. Why, I wondered, glancing at my gasping companions, would sane men willingly submit to such tortures? And why was I sharing their agony?

The answer was that I was in Finland. “An invitation to a sauna is the greatest honor a Finn can offer a guest,” I had been warned, “and to reject it without good reason, an insult that you would never live down.” I was promised that the experience would be “one of life’s greatest pleasures . . . a miracle of refreshment.”

But the only pleasure I hoped for at the moment was survival. If water boils at 212° F., I reasoned, why not blood? When the temperature reached the fateful mark, I frantically poked my host, Matti Viherjuuri, and pointed to the thermometer. Smiling obligingly, he reached for the bucket and splashed a ladle of water onto the red hot rocks on the stove—which instantly shot another invisible blast of superheated steam through the room.

A few minutes later, incredulous that it could actually be happening, I plunged after my tormentor across the frozen lake, into a hole in the ice. The cold was unbelievable; it was impossible to breathe. With a desperate lunge I heaved myself out of the slush—I preferred to die on the ice, where they would not

*Another thing that happens once in a lifetime is you.* —Tony Pettilio



have to drag for my body—when, suddenly, I was suffused with glowing warmth. I sauntered back to shore as impervious to the arctic wind and snow underfoot as though treading a tropical beach.

Three times Matti and I repeated the ordeal by fire and ice. In the sauna we flogged ourselves and each other with whisks of birch leaves, which do not sting but turn the skin lobster red. On emerging, we rolled in the snow. Finally, flopped out on rubber-padded slabs, our quivering carcasses were pulped, lathered and sluiced down by a benign grandmother with bulging muscles.

When we had stretched out on couches to rest, the promised "miracle" occurred. I felt newborn, floating. My skin tingled, my body radiated health and well-being. Rarely have I experienced so complete a sense of relaxation and exhilaration. The sense of euphoria lasted for days. Within a week I had taken my second sauna, a few days later, my third. Like more than 20 million other sauna addicts throughout the world, I was hooked.

I have since learned to enjoy the violent heat. I no longer have to sit on the floor with the "boys" or in the middle tiers of benches with "the old men." I can join the "heroes" on the hottest, topmost platform, next to the ceiling. The frigid water after the heat-bath feels velvety to my skin, although

I've never again had an opportunity to dive into snow or an ice-filled pond. I also miss the fragrant scent and tingle of the *vihta*, the birch-leaf switch. In Finland, they are sold in supermarket deep freezers, but I have never found them anywhere else.

There is little trouble finding saunas, however, for their worldwide spread is phenomenal. Today they proliferate in luxury hotels, beauty salons and gymnasiums from Vancouver to Nairobi. Italian football teams, Spanish bullfighters, French jockeys and American astronauts rely on saunas to tone their nerves and give elasticity to their muscles. They have been installed in private homes and public baths, hospitals and factories, military camps and monasteries. Some executives on both sides of the Atlantic make business decisions in relaxing heat-baths adjoining their boardrooms and Finnair's winter "sauna pilgrimages" to Helsinki have brought addicts from as far as Australia for week-long revels in heat and snow.

Nor does the Finnish heat wave show any signs of cooling off. In Sweden, the number of *bastus*—as the Swedes call their saunas—jumped from 17,000 in 1965 to far more than 100,000 today. Manufacturers estimate that there are already 10,000 installed in Canada, most of them in private homes.

Life without saunas is unthink-

### *Prescription for the Perfect Sauna*

A PROPER Finnish chalet-type sauna should be made of thoroughly cured, three- to four-inch thick unpainted logs of spruce or fir that will absorb moisture and radiate the heat so that the bather is swaddled in warmth on all sides. If erected in a cellar or other stone or concrete structure, there should be an air space between the sauna and the wall, to enable the logs to "breathe." Equipment should include a wall thermometer to measure the temperature of the air, a hygrometer to calculate its moisture content, a dipper and bucket of wood (metal becomes too hot to handle) and, of course, a stove fueled by electricity or wood. Equally essential are the rocks which are piled on top of the stove to help diffuse the heat. Best for the purpose are chunks of a greenish-black granite, called *peridotite*, which can stand violent changes in temperature and retain heat for hours without cracking or crumbling.

The air temperature recommended as most beneficial by the Finnish Sauna Society is 195° F., with a moisture content of not less than 10 percent, for periods ranging from 10 to 25 minutes. The shower or bath after the heat should be as cold as the bather can stand. Three alternating hot and cold treatments are advised, interspersed with periods of rest, and followed by a rubdown. Sauna sessions should last an hour and a half, but there is no rule governing their frequency.

able in Finland. There are a million in the nation, more than one for every five inhabitants. The little log buildings dot the shores of most of the nation's 70,000 lakes. In cities, they range in size from big community structures that can hold dozens, to little family affairs. They blossom on the roofs and in basements of apartment buildings—the right to use them comes with the lease. In country districts, the sauna is the first building erected, even before the house.

Modern Finns describe the sauna as their "secret weapon" of diplomacy. Important business ne-

gotiations inevitably begin or end in the heat-bath. The Finnish parliament building is soon to get a new extension which will include a sauna with a swimming pool where the members can cool off—by heating up—even during sessions. The Finnish cabinet meets frequently in President Kekkonen's sauna to discuss policy and plan strategy.

Doctors have studied the physical benefits of the Finnish bath. The intense heat, they have discovered, creates an "artificial fever" that steps up the heartbeat, sending a tidal wave of blood from the

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Doctors have studied the physical benefits of the Finnish bath. The intense heat, they have discovered, creates an "artificial fever" that steps up the heartbeat, sending a tidal wave of blood from the

internal organs to the peripheries of the skin, exercising and invigorating sluggish glands, capillaries and nerves throughout the body. The torrent of perspiration, gushing through dilated pores, flushes out microscopic particles of dirt, too deeply imbedded for hot water to reach, along with poisonous body wastes which the overtaxed kidneys and liver are normally required to absorb. The sudden immersion in cold water reverses the flow of blood back to the interior of the body. "The repeated alternation of heat and cold," reports Dr. Claude Cappadoro, a French general practitioner who recently wrote a thesis on the sauna, "conditions the sympathetic and parasympathetic cardiovascular regulatory system to work at maximum efficiency for days afterward, in a manner that even prolonged physical exercise cannot accomplish." Although the physical effect is compared to "running a mile, while sitting down," researchers insist the exertion does not tax the heart and actually lowers the blood pressure of people who suffer from hypertension.

These phenomena explain why the sauna is so effective an antidote for tiredness and many other physical ailments. Doctors recommend it for rheumatism, certain cases of unstable blood pressure, respiratory infections and adolescent skin disorders, and some also claim that it increases milk flow for nursing

mothers. People for whom the sauna is *not* recommended include epileptics, sufferers from tuberculosis and some serious heart diseases, those with severe cases of diabetes—and those who suffer from claustrophobia.

Despite advertising claims, the sauna is not an effective means of slimming, because most of the weight lost—up to four pounds per session—consists of water which is quickly reabsorbed by the great quantity of liquid the thirsty bather drinks to meet his dehydrated body's demands. Nor does the sauna increase sexual potency, although doctors concede that its tranquilizing effect may release the internal tensions that prevent some women from conceiving. A favorite Helsinki story concerns a childless American couple who built their own sauna on their return from Finland. Within ten months they had their first baby, a year later, their second, and the following year, a third. When the fifth child arrived, they burned down the bathhouse.

The booming worldwide demand has made sauna cabins and heaters important items of Finnish export. A beautifully crafted 8-by-12-foot prefab costs \$715 in Finland, with another \$170 needed for an electric stove. The cabin consists of a four-person heat bath, together with a shower stall and dressing room, and can be assembled by most amateur handymen.

Not all "Finnish saunas" are actually produced in Finland, however. The great majority, in fact, are built by local carpenters, using Finnish blueprints and, frequently, Finnish wood.

Less surprising than the surging popularity of the "Finnish tranquilizer" is the fact that it took the rest of the world so long to discover its virtues. In 1638, Finns who helped their Swedish rulers found "New Sweden" took their saunas

to the shores of Delaware Bay. There were so many in the area that a Dutch map of the period mistakenly records "Sauna" as the name of the settlement near the site of present-day Philadelphia. When the British took over, saunas disappeared as an institution but they remained as a style of architecture formerly unknown in the New World. Thus, sauna addicts gleefully claim, the famed North American "log cabin" was actually a replica of the Finnish bathhouse.



### Man of Letters

IN A LETTER to *The Economist*, M. J. Shields, of Jarrow, England, points out that George Bernard Shaw, among others, urged spelling reform, suggesting that one letter be altered or deleted each year, thus giving the populace time to absorb the change. Shields writes:

For example, in Year 1 that useless letter "c" would be dropped to be replaced by either "k" or "s," and likewise "x" would no longer be part of the alphabet. The only case in which "c" would be retained would be the "ch" formation, which will be dealt with later. Year 2 might well reform "w" spelling, so that "which" and "one" would take the same konsonant, while Year 3 might well abolish "y" replacing it with "i," and Year 4 might fiks the "g-j" anomali worse and for all.

Generally, then, the improvement would kontinue iear bai iear, with Year 5 doing awai with useless double konsonants, and Years 6-12 or so modifaiing vowls and the rimeining voist and unvoist konsonants. Bai Ier 15 or sou, it wud fainali bi posibl tu meik ius ov thi ridandant letez "c," "y" and "x" — bai now jast a memori in the maind ov ould doderez — tu riplais "ch," "sh" and "th" respektivi.

Fainali, xen, aafte sam 20 iers ov orxogrefkl riform, wi wud hev a lojjkl, kohirnt speling in ius xrewawt xe Ingliy-spiking wörlð. Hawewe, sins xe Wely, xe Airiy, and xe Skots du not spik Ingliy, xei wud hev to hev a speling siunt tu xer oun lengwi. Xei kud, hawewe, orlweiz lern Ingliy az a sekond lengwi et skuul! — Iorz feixfuli, M. J. Yilz.

*Audiences sit enthralled, orchestras take fire and dour reality becomes a dream when this talented and controversial high priest of music wields his baton*

## The Musical Magic of Herbert von Karajan

By GEORGE KENT

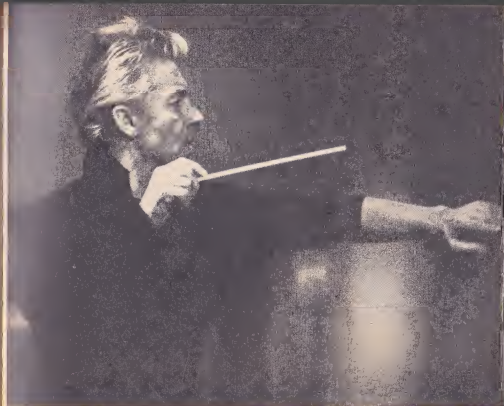
THE auditorium sinks into darkness. Seats creak. Programs rustle. A woman clears her throat. The concert is about to begin. The spotlight touches a small man, walking swiftly to the podium. The audience whispers excitedly.

This is the adored — and controversial — conductor, Herbert von Karajan (pronounced Ka rah' yan). His hill of gray hair flutters like a bird's wing as he bows to the audience. His face is squinched up in a frown of concentration. His lips go back in a half-snarl of impatience. "Let's get on with it," he seems to be saying.

His head droops, his eyes close as the baton rises slowly as through a barrel of oil, then, abruptly —

*zop!* — comes down like a hammer hitting a nail. But it isn't a hammer, it's a torch flung into a pile of kindling as the 110-member *Orchestre de Paris* takes fire. The room fills with sound. The humdrum and the drab and the everyday disappear.

Toscanini, it is said, could wield his baton like a whip. He was known to bounce into the orchestra during rehearsals and whack an offending musician on the back. Bruno Walter's stick was a beckoning hand, inviting rather than ruling. Otto Klemperer's is a wand. Waving it, he vanishes into the music and when the concert is over people talk of the wonderful Beethoven's Ninth, forgetting all about the conductor.



Not so with Karajan. However fine the performance of the orchestra, it is the man you remember.

Like Toscanini, he needs no score. Locked in his memory is a fabulous treasure of musical information: at least 100 symphonies, concertos and suites, most of Wagner, half of Mozart, all of Verdi, down to the last *pizzicato* flight of one-eighth and one-sixteenth notes, to the final comma of a second oboe, to the four-beat lull before the trumpets begin blasting triumphantly. Knowing by heart some 100,000 pages of musical *abracadabra* is the equivalent of being

able to recite from memory all of Shakespeare and Milton — including every stress mark.

Conducting, Karajan's arms dance in balletone movements. They are shaping the music, molding it through a hundred modulations and changes, carving each phrase, smoothing the melody. The music, the listeners become aware, has assumed a definite form, it has three dimensions, it is there, in and above them, alive and real: they can almost touch it. Then once more it's *zop!* The final downbeat.

PHOTO: SIEGFRIED LAUTENWASSER



The concert is over. The conductor bows to the audience. The snarl is now a smile.

As the applause gives way to a slamming of seats, Karajan has already hurried away. No autographs, no interviews, no cocktail parties. His lovely blond wife, Eliette, is waiting for him in a car. At the hotel, a bath, a snack, and sometimes a telephone call to their Alpine home to check on their two young daughters. Even if friends join him for a drink, at six o'clock next morning Karajan is up doing his daily two hours of yoga. A tall glass of orange juice completes the ritual and then back to music—two hours of glowering at a Berlioz score, penciling in accents, x-ing out passages. And off to rehearsal for the next performance.

Today, at the age of 64, this sinewy, blue-eyed, five-foot-seven grayhound of a man is at once the world's most talented, best-looking, and richest musician. He is or has been the commander of almost all the great ensembles, festivals and opera companies in the West, at one time having five of them simultaneously under his baton—in London, Vienna, Berlin, Salzburg and Milan. Only once did he fail to fill an auditorium. That was in India, and the theater was a football stadium seating 60,000.

Muscle Tycoon. With the possible exception of Toscanini, it is likely that no other conductor has accumulated so much wealth. Ka-

rajan pilots a two-engine Lear jet, sails a Class II eight-passenger, cup-winning yacht, owns residences in the ski resorts of St. Moritz, Switzerland, and Megève, France, a beach manor in St. Tropez, a hideaway in the Vienna Woods and a house in Salzburg. His garages have housed Porsches, Ford GTs, Ferraris, Rolls-Royces, and Bentleys. He has been called, with some justice, the businessman of the baton: his close to 300 records sell in the millions and his 100-odd concerts a year each bring him, it is said, a five-figure fee—in dollars. His musical activities are spectacular. He is behind the vast organization of the Salzburg Easter Festival, his own brainchild. He has financed many TV films, operas and symphonies, and founded the Karajan Foundation, which does scientific research into the work of musicians and encourages the talent of young artists.

Born in Salzburg, Mozart's birthplace, Karajan learned to play the piano when he was three years old by listening to the professor who was giving his brother lessons. It wasn't long before his family began to take his talent seriously. At five he was sent to the Salzburg Mozarteum and at eight he played in public for the first time. Later he entered the *Hochschule für Musik* (Vienna Conservatory) to study the craft of managing a musical orgy in which all the instruments play together and yet, to the sensitive,

trained ear, remain individual and distinct.

After several years of study he was stuffed with theory, but he had little practical experience with the baton. Yet one night, back in Salzburg, there was a hurried call for a substitute to conduct Mozart's opera, *The Marriage of Figaro*. Never lacking in self-confidence, Karajan took up the baton. When the performance was over a large fat man presented himself as the director of the opera house in Ulm, Germany, and invited him to become its chief. At the age of 19, Karajan had become a professional musician.

Ulm turned out to be a tiny theater with a stage the size of a living room. The orchestra never had more than 26 players, most of them former army bandmen. The singers were has-beens and never-would-bes. Karajan's salary was minimal. Still, there were advantages. During the next seven years he learned the operatic repertoire from *The Magic Flute* to *Madame Butterfly*. He costumed and made up the cast. He monkeyed with the scenery, he spent hours in the lighting booth. He might still be there but for a piece of luck; he was fired. The director had grown tired of his protégé's arrogant methods, and felt that Karajan had outlived his enthusiasm for this small opera house. The unemployed conductor was now 26, without prospects, with very little money.

In the months that followed Karajan earned money as an accompanist. Then he heard that the post of conductor at Aachen, Germany, had fallen vacant. Inwardly aquiver, outwardly brash and self-confident, he auditioned for the job. To his own surprise, he got it. He was now conductor of a 90-man orchestra and a choir of 300 singers!

A Star Is Born. Never did a group of fiddling, blowing and thumping men and women labor longer hours. For Karajan, the rehearsal is the thing—the crucible of the act of creation—and he worked his musicians eight, nine, ten hours a day. In new works and in new ways, the strings discovered a golden tone, the woodwinds a subtle glow. And there was precision: a three-quarter note was that, neither longer nor shorter. A good company had developed into a great ensemble.

After its first concert under Karajan's direction, the *Aachener Presse* wrote: "It was a lucky day for our city when Karajan took over the orchestra!" For the first time, Karajan was savoring the delights of renown. In Amsterdam and Brussels, the critics did not spare their superlatives. He was great, he was the top, he was stupendous. But the best was yet to be. In 1938, the 30-year-old Karajan was invited to Berlin to direct the Opera in *Tristan and Isolde*. The Berlin Opera!

At the end of the performance, the audience applauded wildly, pounded the floor, beat the backs of the seats in front of them. "A new star has appeared," wrote Edwin van der Nüll, one of Europe's most respected critics. He called Karajan "the world's most gifted living conductor, the greatest of our generation."

The rest—that is, the development of the man as a conductor—is now musical history. Like all history it is crowded with wars, mostly conflicts with rivals or competitors. For years he did battle with that long-established giant on the German scene, the Berlin Philharmonic's Wilhelm Furtwängler—and the latter always won. So great was Furtwängler's prestige that he was able to keep for himself the job Karajan desired most: direction of the Berlin Philharmonic. Only when the old man died in 1954 did Karajan have his way, becoming, in 1955, lifetime conductor of the prestigious Berlin Philharmonic, a position he still holds today.

The following year Karajan was appointed artistic director of the Vienna Opera; in that music-enthralled city, he performed wondrously—and fought continually. Some of the fights were debated in the Austrian Parliament, for the Vienna Opera is state-owned. Once, in 1962, the technicians rebelled against the long rehearsals by going on strike. The conflict was settled without consulting Karajan, which

led him to resign. Cabinet ministers and even the President of the Republic, in person, undertook conciliation when it seemed that Karajan would not return.

"Make Like a Sheep." But there has never been a question about Karajan's genius, or his extraordinary musical insight. Leading an orchestra of temperamental musicians is not only an art—it is one of the most exhausting jobs on earth. A conductor's heartbeat almost doubles when he is on the podium, his blood pressure goes up 30 percent. The nervous tension is almost unendurable. One conductor even collapsed and died.

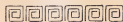
Even more difficult is the mental strain of conducting: holding responsibility for perfection in a performance in which notes snap on and off with the speed of a camera shutter, where cues pile on cues like drops in a giant waterfall, and where the proper meshing of all these miracles depends on the discipline of five score men and women, each a talented and difficult individual in his own right. If all the conductor asked of a great orchestra was a precise, harmonious rendering of "Chopsticks," it would already be something; instead, he demands and gets the most complex and intricate rhythms, as in a Stravinsky suite, or majestic solemnity, as in a Beethoven symphony; or an abstract mathematical ordering of the notes, as in a Schönberg concerto.

A great conductor must also know perfectly the limitations of each instrument. With Karajan, trumpeters especially appreciate this knowledge because he knows precisely how long is needed to draw a breath and adjusts his tempo accordingly. Singers, too, are grateful, because he gives them a fair chance of performing at their best. "He works you like damned," one of Karajan's violinists says. "But the result is wonderful. One rehearsal with him is worth four with any other."

Sprawled in his rehearsal chair, clad in a dark turtleneck or polo shirt and pipestem pants, Karajan wears a languid air. He seems relaxed, but let the strings hold a passage an eighth-note too long and his fist will clench. To the brasses preparing for a Berlioz *crescendo* he says, "Make like a sheep—*wah-aah-waah!*" Then he stops them. "More *fortissimo*, please, please!" To an oboe player, he says, "Please change your mouthpiece, you are coming over too harshly." And so it goes, hour after hour.

A man of limitless patience? Hardly. But of unswaying determination. "How can you conduct an orchestra without being a tyrant?" he said one day. A most complicated individual, Herbert von Karajan, for the very next thing he might say, as he did to me, is: "An orchestra's like a flight of birds. The conductor is simply the lead flier, the apex of the triangle." There's no denying that he flies the lead with poise and grandeur.

A composer of renown once said that the men who lead orchestras must have, in addition to great stamina, three qualities: head, heart, and sex appeal. Some have had one, some another. Karajan has them all, and in profusion: the brain to organize and drive through to perfection a fine piece of music; the love and musicianship to move the listeners; and, finally, the exciting, hard-to-define attraction which satisfies all the nostalgias and changes dour reality into a dream—the eternal serenade which begins under the balcony but which ends up in the soul.



### Sound Policy

POET James Whitcomb Riley was once criticized severely by writer Ambrose Bierce, a man of fierce temper. Asked how he responded, Riley replied, "I hit him with a chunk of silence." — *Capper's Weekly*

ISRAEL'S Prime Minister Golda Meir turned down an aide's request that she talk to reporters, explaining, "You can't improve on saying nothing." — *As Good As Golda*, edited by Israel and Mary Shenker (McCall)

While we pay more and more taxes for less and less service, our governmental units at all levels go deeper and deeper into debt

## Is the U.S. Going Broke?

Condensed from TIME

CAN a nation with a trillion-dollar economy be running out of money? That startling question is forcing itself upon every government official who must shape a budget, from President Nixon down to the head of the smallest local mosquito-abatement district. By most measures of private wealth, the United States is the world's richest country. But in terms of its ability to pay for public services, we seem almost to be going broke.

The federal deficit in the last three fiscal years was an estimated \$87 billion, the biggest red-ink total ever, except during World War II. Meanwhile, taxes keep going up and up. Though federal income-tax rates have been reduced since 1960, the cuts have been offset by severe increases in state and city income taxes,

sales taxes, property taxes, Social Security taxes and "sin" taxes on liquor and cigarettes. Between 1960 and 1970, the tax burden on each American man, woman and child almost doubled, from \$711 to \$1348.

Higher taxes, however, have brought little if any improvement in public services. In many cases, the nation's streets are dirtier, its mass transit is more decrepit, its public hospitals are more understaffed, its streets more crime-ridden today than in decades. And the knowledge that they are paying more and more for less and less service has bred in many citizens a suspicion that they are being cheated, and has fanned a mood of rebellion: citizens last year voted down 65 percent of all bond issues proposed to build new schools, hospitals, sewage plants and other fa-

cilities vs. an average of a 32-percent turnaround rate during the 1960s and a mere 8 percent in 1947.

"Pray for Cash." The voter rebellion has considerable justification. But for the moment it is only tightening an already merciless squeeze on most of the nation's 81,299 governmental units. At a time when officials should be planning to finance the pollution-control, mass-transit and slum-rebuilding programs of the future, they are having to struggle to stretch revenues to cover immediate spending needs. Increasingly, they are failing.

The failure is most conspicuous in the federal deficit. Still, the federal government has not had to cut back essential spending, and in that sense is in much better shape than most states and cities. For example:

- In New York City, a prohibition on hiring shrank the police force by 800 last year, despite a level of street crime that makes many New Yorkers barricade themselves in their apartments after sundown. At the overcrowded Morrisania City Hospital in the Bronx, a new obstetrics wing is kept locked because there is no money to hire anyone to operate it. The New York Public Library has had to reduce its operating hours from 78 to 40 per week.

- Detroit has enacted income and property taxes as high as Michigan law allows, and slapped a five-percent tax on residents' telephone, gas and electric bills. Still, the city faces a \$30 million deficit this fiscal year.

"Every morning we gather in the mayor's office to pray for money," quips a mayoral assistant, "and we face Washington." Since the prayers have gone unanswered, Mayor Roman Gribbs requested and got cuts of 5 percent to 45 percent in all city departmental budgets. All Detroit skating rinks were closed in March, parks and playgrounds were not cleaned up for the spring, and recreation programs in city schools were dropped.

- East St. Louis, Ill., like many other urban centers, has seen its tax base steadily eroded by a flight of relatively well-off whites. Low-income blacks now constitute 70 percent of the 69,000 population. The city is desperately short of funds to finance badly needed school facilities, sanitation equipment, public housing. Even worse, East St. Louis is so deep in debt that 35 percent of the tax revenue must be used to pay off old borrowings.

The nationwide budget squeeze will probably become even worse. Lawrence S. Ritter, professor of finance at New York University, calculates that during the rest of this decade, public spending will have to average \$46 billion a year above 1970 levels for just four purposes: rebuilding mass-transit systems, cleaning up pollution, upgrading law enforcement and improving education.

Pernicious Bias. How did the United States get into such a mess? One reason is poor federal manage-

ment of the economy. Inflation has raised government costs for construction, supplies and utility bills more than tax planners had foreseen. Recession has caused tax collections to fall below expectations, while joblessness has jacked up government expenditures for unemployment compensation and welfare.

Changes in demography and society have also put the nation through a budgetary wringer. Population growth has multiplied demands for housing, parks, garbage collection and police protection. A skewed demographic pattern also has pressed a relatively small working and taxpaying population into paying for the requirements of rapidly rising numbers of the very young and the very old.

The United States, no less than the underdeveloped world, has also been going through a revolution of rising expectations. Four years of college are now coming to be assumed as a right, with public assistance if need be, for every boy or girl who can get through high school. Untended illness used to be regarded as the unavoidable fate of the poor and aged. Today, it is considered an intolerable, if still far too frequent, outrage.

A more complex issue is the rising expectations of government employees. Teachers, government clerks and other civil servants in the past struck a tacit bargain under which they accepted relatively low pay in return for short hours, job security and relatively high pensions. Now

they are demanding—and increasingly winning—wages just about equal to those in private industry. The effect on budgets has been catastrophic. In New York City, for example, the number of public-school pupils rose 15 percent during the past decade, but school spending zoomed 207 percent, largely because of higher teacher salaries.

Even these factors do not wholly explain the poverty of American public services. The most important cause is a set of national attitudes. From the earliest days of the republic, Americans have shown a pernicious bias in favor of private consumption and against public outlays. Business expenditures for new factories and machinery are looked upon as productive investments. Public spending for new schools, fire engines, libraries and playgrounds is regarded as an expense that should be held to a minimum and delayed as long as possible.

Feeling oppressed by taxes, Americans have persistently refused to tax themselves heavily enough to pay for public services. In fact, the United States is one of the most lightly taxed of all the industrial nations. Total U.S. tax collections equal only 32 percent of the country's gross national product vs. 36 percent in Britain and Germany, 42 percent in Sweden. By no coincidence, most of these nations enjoy higher-quality health care, recreational facilities, mass transit and many other services than we do.

**Slash, Abolish and Reform.** So,

the question is, how can the nation raise the revenue it needs to improve public services? One way to begin is by slashing, or preferably abolishing, some government programs that continue to soak up tax dollars long after they have lost their justification—if they ever had one.

The Pentagon is usually singled out as an overbloated tax eater, but there are many others. For example, the federal highway system, by the time it is finished in the late 1970s, will have consumed \$76.3 billion. Meanwhile, mass-transportation systems that could move people more efficiently have been starved for funds. In the Washington, D.C., area, the National Association of Railroad Passengers has been unable to interest any governmental unit in a proposal to scrape up \$17.4 million to improve passenger service to the city's suburbs. Yet the federal government is spending \$53.5 million to build slightly more than a mile of road just south of the city.

Former Budget Director Charles Schultze lists some other unproductive expenditures: the building of giant dams that yield little economic return, even in terms of lower power costs, and harm the environment by flooding areas of great scenic beauty; irrigation projects that subsidize the growing in Western deserts of crops for which the Agriculture Department is trying to cut acreage elsewhere; farm price supports that benefit mostly higher-income farmers; subsidies to general aviation that aggravate airport congestion by

encouraging private flying. The nation can no longer afford such extravagances.

We also need a thorough overhaul of our tax system. The aim should be to make a reformed federal income tax a major revenue raiser for states and cities as well as for the federal government, reducing the necessity for endless sharp increases in unfair and ineffective sales and property taxes.

Although the income tax is fair enough in principle—rates rise with ability to pay—the way in which it actually operates is not. Some tax favors reward actions that once seemed socially desirable, like the bearing of many children and the buying of single-family houses. It is questionable whether such goals should still be encouraged. If so, they should be promoted by direct subsidy. Indirect subsidies handed out through the tax system are extremely expensive and lead to ludicrous distortions. For example, the federal government last year in effect paid 70 percent of the mortgage interest and property taxes on the home of a couple who had a \$200,000 annual income, but it paid only 19 percent of the interest and taxes on the house of a couple who earned \$10,000.

Joseph Pechman, one of the nation's leading tax experts, reckons that by eliminating almost all deductions and exemptions—except for payment of state income taxes, unusual medical expenses and high charitable contributions—the federal



government could reduce income-tax rates by 40 percent and still raise as much revenue as it now does. A somewhat smaller but still major rate cut would yield more revenue than now, which could be used to meet social needs. Unless federal tax reform is coupled with a revenue-sharing plan to funnel cash to hard-up cities and states, however, it would benefit only Washington, while leaving local governments the choice of either shortchanging their citizens or boosting sales and property taxes.

Other reforms are needed for the nation to get the most out of its tax money. The federal government should assume the burden of financing welfare and make payments uniform across the country. That would relieve states and cities of a demand that they can no longer meet without starving other programs for funds. It also would end the scandalous situation under which citizens of states such as New York and Illinois in effect subsidize low tax and welfare levels in other areas, predominantly the South, whose

poor still flock to the high-welfare states.

**Facing the Bills.** In the end, though, no amount of administrative reform is likely to save Americans from the necessity of paying higher taxes. The nation is not running out of money so much as it has misallocated its resources so badly that it now faces a staggering bill for the public services that citizens have a right to expect.

Tax and governmental reforms can and must apportion that bill more fairly; to the extent that the taxpayers' revolt is a protest against inequity, it is only too justified. Americans, however, will have to get used to the idea that a greater portion of the country's wealth must be devoted to the public sector if they are to enjoy clean air, safe streets and better health and education. Paying the bill cannot be made pleasant. By reflecting on the observation of Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes that taxes are the price of civilization, it can perhaps be made at least tolerable.



### *A Heap o' Livin'*

This nation could face a worse pollution crisis than it now has. Suppose everybody who has threatened to, suddenly went ahead and *did* clean out all the junk in the attic.

—Dick Mayer in North Vernon, Ind., *Sun*, quoted by Cliff Robinson in Louisville *Courier-Journal*

ACTUALLY, I'm sort of glad you can't take it with you—because that's the only way I'll ever get rid of all this junk I've collected.

—Beryl Pfixer in *Ladies' Home Journal*

By J. D. RATCLIFF

## I AM JOE'S NOSE

Architecturally I may not be much, but in fact I'm one of Joe's most complex organs—and I do jobs for him that he doesn't even suspect

**I** AM that little hill that rises from the center of Joe's face—his nose.\* He worries about his eyes, ears and digestive tract but tends to think of me as a nuisance. I water on winter days, sneeze at the wrong time, clog with a cold, tend to get smashed in accidents. There are colorful and poetic allusions to other facial features—eyes, ears, lips. But not to me. I am kept to the grindstone, one pays through me, and nothing is plainer than the nose on a face.

As an important organ in Joe's body, I think I deserve better. I do numerous jobs that he is unaware of. Let him go to sleep on his left side,

for example, and my left nostril will gradually become engorged. In about two hours I send out a silent signal—I don't want to awaken him—which causes him to turn over. This is one of several trigger mechanisms that lead to movement, preventing his muscles from being cramped in the morning.

Automatically, I sniff Joe's victuals before he eats, to protect him from spoiled food that might poison him. Much of Joe's pleasure in eating comes through me. Let me smell a broiling steak and I crank up salivary glands that set his mouth to watering and start his digestive juices flowing. As Joe has noticed, when my capabilities are blunted by sickness, as by a cold, his food is tasteless, and he loses appetite and

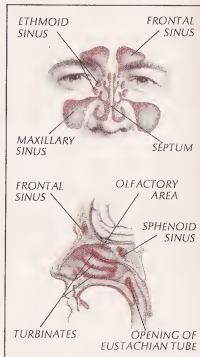
\*Joe, 47, is a typical American man. A number of his organs have told their story in previous articles in *The Reader's Digest*.

weight. Without my stimulus Joe becomes a picky eater.

Another thing. Joe has a pleasing, deep voice. In part he has me to thank. I contribute some resonance. Let him pinch his nostrils when he speaks and he'll possibly hear the difference I make.

Architecturally, I am nothing to boast about. I am sandwiched in between the roof of Joe's mouth and his brain. In reality, I am *two* noses, since a septum, or partition, divides me in two. Above Joe's mouth I have a rather cavernous interior, my workroom. I also have small hollows in the bones on each side—in the cheeks, in the frontal bone over the eyes, in the wall between me and the eyes, and at the back of my main cavity. These hollow spaces make up my eight sinuses. They contribute some of the moisture I need to humidify air, make a slight contribution to voice quality and lighten Joe's skull, but mostly they cause trouble. Bacteria slip in to cause infection and blockage of the narrow channels that empty into my main passages. Then Joe is in for painful, headachy misery.

One of my major tasks is cleaning and conditioning the air for Joe's lungs. Each day I must process about 500 cubic feet of air—a small roomful. Joe may be skiing on a frigid, dry day, but his lungs aren't inter-



ested in dry, zero air. They want about what one would find on a humid summer day—75 to 80 percent saturated, temperature in the 90s. They demand air almost totally free of bacteria, and cleansed of grit, smoke and other irritants. The air conditioner for a medium-sized room is as large as a small trunk. My air-conditioning system is compressed into a tiny area only a few inches long.

For the humidifying job I secrete about a quart of moisture a day. Mostly this is sticky mucus, produced by the spongy, red membrane



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This article is largely based on interviews with Dr. Harold G. Tabb, chairman of the department of otolaryngology, Tulane University School of Medicine, New Orleans.

that lines my passages. While the rough cleaning job is done by hairs in Joe's nostrils, it's the mucus that does the major work, acting as a kind of flypaper to trap bacteria and particles that get past the hairs. Naturally, I can't permit this film of mucus to stagnate. In a few hours there would be total pollution. So every 20 minutes I produce a clean new mucous blanket.

To remove the old mucus, I have an army of microscopic brooms—cilia. These minute hairs rapidly whip the film back to the throat for swallowing and then slowly settle back to their original positions. Strong stomach acid destroys most swallowed bacteria. My tireless little cilia make about ten sweeping strokes a second. Joe, of course, is unaware of this activity, which goes on day and night. But on a cold day he becomes aware of it, since cold partially paralyzes my cilia and causes an overproduction of mucus. Then, instead of being swept back to the throat, the moisture dribbles out the front. Joe gets a runny nose.

Besides mechanical trapping I have another protection against bacteria—a microbe slayer called lysozyme, the same stuff that protects Joe's eyes from infection. It makes me one of the cleanest of all organs—so clean, in fact, that much nose surgery can be performed without elaborate efforts at antiseptics.

Warming the air that Joe breathes is also quite a task. I accomplish most of this with my turbinates.

Three of these little potato chips of bone, the biggest about an inch long, protrude from the side walls of each of my nostrils. In reality, they are small radiators. They are covered with erectile tissue with a relatively enormous blood supply—the steam for my radiators. Blood usually flows from tiny arteries, through a capillary bed, and into veins. In my turbinates the capillaries are associated with the tiny cisterns of my erectile tissue. As more blood is forced in, the tiny caverns swell. This happens when Joe breathes in cold air—I swell and provide greater warming surface.

My other big job, of course, is detection of odors. Joe, like most people, can recognize 4000 different scents. The really sensitive nose can go up to about 10,000. Since life rarely depends on me my great skills are subdued, unused. Had Joe been born deaf and blind he would have appreciated my enormous potential. As a key tool of identification I would have been able to recognize people, houses and rooms by scent alone.

How do I detect odors? On the roof of each of my nasal cavities I have a patch of yellow-brown tissue smaller than a postage stamp. In each patch I have roughly ten million receptor cells, and six to eight tiny sensory hairs that project from each cell. All this apparatus is connected to Joe's brain, an inch away.

That, then, is the setup. But it doesn't tell *how* Joe identifies the smell of a broiling steak. We have

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only theories. It's known that anything smellable throws off molecules. Hot onion soup throws them off in plenty, cold steel hardly any at all. One theory holds that my receptor sites can distinguish the sizes and shapes of different molecules. The difference is somehow registered, and a wisp of electricity is generated and dispatched to the brain. The electrical signal is familiar to Joe's brain. The brain arrives at a verdict: vinegar, it says, or marigold or burning rubber.

Actually, it isn't all that simple. It is possible that there are primary odors, just as there are three primary colors. With the brain as a palette, odors are blended into a familiar scent.

If I am overwhelmed by a particular odor, after a short time I can no longer detect it. After the first few whiffs, Joe's wife hardly notices the perfume she is wearing. If Joe gets a job in a tannery, glue works or stockyard, he is oppressed by the odors at first. Soon, however, he is so worn out with those particular harsh smells that he hardly notices them. Yet his sensitivity to other odors remains. Even in the stench of a tannery a rose smells as sweet as ever.

Being one of the body's most exposed organs, it's little wonder that I am the target for a wide spectrum of ailments. Certain microbes—notably those of syphilis and tuberculosis—can attack my cartilage and destroy my shape. Polyps sprout

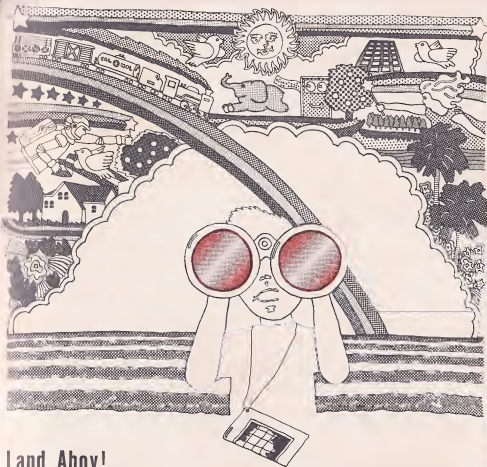
on my mucous membrane—little "mushrooms" that vary from pea to grape size. They can block air passages or sinus channels to cause a variety of grief.

Allergens, tobacco smoke and dust irritate my mucous membranes, causing them to swell and to produce excess fluid which drips into the throat. This is postnasal drip. Or air passages may be inflamed and shut by a cold. Joe often tries to blast them open with a mighty blow. This is dangerous business. It can force infection into my sinuses, or into the middle ear via eustachian tubes. Or he may resort to nose drops—tissue shrinkers of various kinds. He'd best be cautious here, too. Drops cause the "rebound" phenomenon—temporary shrinkage is followed by greater swelling than originally present. Experts warn against nose drops because they end by complicating rather than solving the problem.

Joe is 47 now and my acuity is declining. Coffee doesn't smell quite as good as it once did, and other odors aren't quite as noxious. All this is perfectly normal. It might have been a handicap at one point in man's development, but no longer. Until I warm and cleanse Joe's last breath I will continue to do my jobs for him. And in defense of my lowly status I might add that in Joe's old age I will do my jobs far better than his eyes and ears will do theirs.



For information on reprints of this article, see page 34



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### Springboard for Discussion

A "new masculinity" has emerged on the American scene, says this expert. Dominance is giving way to tenderness, which presages vital changes in the fabric of life

## Are Men Really Men Anymore?

An interview with LESTER A. KIRKENDALL  
By JAMES LINCOLN COLLIER

**W**hat is a man supposed to be? Is there any such thing as masculinity? Are the old rules about how a man should behave, rules followed by our fathers, grandfathers, great-grandfathers, no longer valid?

Is there a "new masculinity," a new way for men to act, feel and think about themselves? One person who thinks so is Prof. Lester A. Kirkendall of Oregon State University, a warm and wise 68-year-old specialist in human relations and one of the pioneers of the sex-education movement. He sees in our society today the first gleamings of a new way for men to be, a new type of maleness. Here is what he believes:

**Q.** What has it meant to be a man up until now? In the United States,

the strong, silent man in control has been our ideal. As a father he was stern but forgiving. As a husband he dominated his wife. And it was crucial that no one see his feelings, because he believed it would undermine his authority. Boys were taught not to cry, and not to show affection, particularly for other boys. Even in his friendships, a man had to be tough. Recently I overheard a group of college males talking. They were obviously friends, but they could express their affection only through a steady stream of pretended insults.

**Q.** Have men always been like this? Far from it. In many former times, and even today in other places in the world, men have allowed themselves to express their tender

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feelings not only toward their wives or girl friends but toward other people, too. Not long ago I was speaking at a college, and I showed some slides of young men holding hands or with their arms around each other. When I ask for comments on this picture, the remarks I get usually center on homosexuality. But this time an Indonesian student in the audience said, "At home, men often put their arms around each other. Nobody thinks there's anything wrong with it. Why must it be so here?" So you see that America's strong, silent male ideal is by no means universal.

**Q. How did we develop that ideal?** Many authorities think it had to do with the frontier beginnings of this country. Without getting into a complicated historical analysis, it has a lot to do with a man's ideas of his authority. When the pioneers were facing the rigors of an untamed land, a man had to be hard. The weakling could hardly take care of himself, much less his wife and children. Furthermore, a father had to demand that his wife and children endure hardship and toil without complaining. Thus, he couldn't give in to his feelings every time a child was cold or hungry. The ideal of the unyielding, stern male was stressed by these circumstances.

**Q. But you think this old ideal is vanishing?** Yes. America has largely solved its problem of getting basic food and shelter. Our young people are now discovering that the old masculine ideal doesn't serve any

purpose. They are searching for new ideals, and some are trying to put them into practice.

**Q. What are these new ideals?** For one thing, young men today don't think that it is a sign of weakness to express tenderness toward people they care for. Older men still find this pretty difficult. Recently, a man in his 30s told me that he was troubled because his son still wants to kiss him on the lips. "Oh?" I said. "How old is he?" And the man replied, "Three." I felt terribly sorry for him, and even more for the boy.

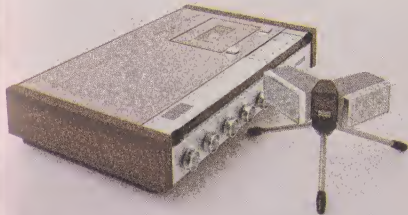
**Q. Why did you feel sorry?** Because he was denying himself and his son something vital to everybody. From the time my own children were young it was obvious that my son Karl's needs were as great as my daughter Karen's. All human beings want a sense of closeness and touching. Affection is not something only women need. It is a necessity for men, too. I think we are beginning to relearn this basic truth.

**Q. How does the "new masculinity" affect a man's relations with a woman?** There are terrific changes in the wind here. In the past we have assumed that it was right for the husband to make final decisions, to be the boss. A man who often acceded to his wife's wishes was that figure of fun, the henpecked husband, the Caspar Milquetoast or Dagwood Bumstead of the cartoon strips. Now more and more men are coming to realize that their masculinity is not threatened by sharing



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decisions or by taking on some of the so-called woman's work. A young teacher told me recently, "My wife has just as much right to develop her capacities as I have. She's taking some courses now that will enable her to teach. We have two kids, and the only way we could manage it was for me to baby-sit during her classes." A generation ago, a man who watched the children so his wife could study would have had to put up with a lot of bad jokes about who was wearing the pants. Today, most young people would take it for granted that this man is doing the right thing; they don't see that he's lost any masculinity. They believe that sharing is more important than asserting authority.

**Q. Are women growing stronger and males weaker?** Emphatically not. It takes strength, not weakness, to compromise. The old masculinity would not bend, and often broke instead. The new male is attempting to be more flexible; like the bending reed, he may prove stronger than the storm. Take, for example, the sex act. Previously, the male assumed it was his right, indeed responsibility, to set the pace. Today many men are beginning to relinquish some control in this crucial area.

**Q. But isn't the male by nature the more easily aroused and therefore the one who initiates the sex act?** Not necessarily. Women are quite as capable of wanting sexual relations as men. And just as they are refusing to follow blindly the

male lead in politics and work, more and more they feel it is perfectly acceptable for them to initiate the sex act on occasions—and even sometimes to be the active partner.

**Q. Are men going to accept this situation?** The younger generation is already accepting it. I don't mean all of them by a long shot. No doubt of it, some men have trouble adapting to a sexual partner who takes the lead at times. In some cases they become impotent if pushed too hard by an assertive woman.

**Q. Some men, then, aren't going to accept "women's liberation" in bed?** That's right. Their masculinity is too bound up with the idea of strength, and of being in control. According to the old standard, if a man "satisfied" his sex partner—that is, saw that she had an orgasm—his masculinity was confirmed.

But the "new masculinity" sees the sex act differently. Intercourse has become less merely a means to reproduce, more a matter of recreation. Sex is used less to assure a man that he is "all male," and more a means for expressing affection—of communicating, of finding closeness and intimacy. Men are going to have to learn to be more equalitarian in their sex lives or many of them are going to be defeated.

**Q. Aside from sex, how does the new freedom for women affect masculinity?** For one thing, I think men are coming to be more willing to accept women in positions of authority. As I have said, the idea of sharing is becoming more important



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than who has the authority, for both men and women. A generation back the idea of a woman running for the Presidency was a subject for comedy, but it happened this year; and we know that some men are willing to vote for a woman for President. The same is true in business. I had to cope with this problem years ago. Because my courses in marriage and the family were included in the home-economics department of the university where I taught, my bosses were usually women. It rankled at first, but I got over it.

**Q. Do you think, then, that men are growing less concerned about dominance?** The element of competition, of aggressiveness, is still there, and perhaps it always will be, but now the question is how to combine it with equality in action. Young men today seem more willing to attempt to put aside dominance, to work cooperatively.

**Q. Does all this mean, then, that we are approaching the day of "unisex"?** No. There are some very real, deep-seated differences between the ways men and women feel, think and behave, whether you believe that they are built in by nature or by our culture. I suppose that most women, no matter how competent and self-sufficient, feel now and then that a bit of the old male paternalism would be good. My wife, for exam-

ple, has always criticized her father for playing the old-fashioned dominant role in his marriage. But she definitely wants me to handle the security aspects of our marriage—insurance, mortgages and the like. So I think we will continue to see a male and female role in marriage. But the male ideal is changing. In the older day, we needed the relatively taciturn male—unyielding before the storm. Today, in a crowded, complex society, we need men who are flexible, cooperative.

But it is not just for the benefit of society that men are changing. Just as today's women are demanding the right to equal pay and more rewarding jobs, so today's young men are demanding the right to live emotionally richer lives. They don't want to spend their time controlling their feelings to meet some outmoded ideal of male strength; they want to enjoy the warmth and affection that bloom in close relationships.

What we need, in a way, is a kind of "men's lib" movement. I don't mean one that is directed against women. I mean a movement that would help us reorder our ideas of masculinity. Perhaps the women can help us in this, so that in the end we would have a "people's lib" movement, with more freedom of the heart for all.



**Sick Call.** Man opening a mail ad for hospitalization insurance featuring direct cash payments: "Here's another one of those get-rich-sick schemes."

—Contributed by Val Humble



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Condensed from "My Life AND The Times"

## Our Town's Only Republican

A great relief came over our entire community when we laid old Mr. Eubank to rest. We thought we were pure again!

TURNER CATLEDGE

THE LONE Republican in my home town in Mississippi was Mr. Eustace Eubank. Mr. Eubank was an odd individual in many ways. For one thing, he always attended strictly to his own business, which quickly set him apart in our community. But the oddest thing about this old man was his being a Republican. He never admitted being a Republican, but every four years one Republican vote would turn up in the local ballot box and we never doubted who had cast it.

Mr. Eubank lived over west of the railroad tracks in a little unpainted house with his second wife and three daughters. One of his daughters was in school with me. She was very

smart and I'm certain she won most of the literary contests we had at school. But she never got the prize, because the teachers didn't think it would be right to give prizes to a Republican's daughter. Eubank's only work was his gardening, and he grew the biggest tomatoes in town. They would slice out as big as saucers. My Uncle Homer used to sell those tomatoes in his grocery store, but he never told customers who'd grown them, as he figured no one would want to eat a Republican tomato. Eubank walked with a limp which, the town legend said, was because he had a wooden leg. The story went that Eubank had been a Union soldier at the battle of Shiloh and had his leg shot off. His fellow

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96D

September

Yankees—as we told the story—had run off and left him, but he had been so fortunate as to survive and make his way to our compassionate little community. And yet he'd repaid us by casting that lone Republican vote every four years!

Such was the situation one hot summer in the early 1900s, when Eustace Eubank's saga came to a close. That summer my uncles Homer and Joe had bought a Ford car and converted it into a truck, and I was having a wonderful time delivering groceries in it. One hot July day, about noon, I was out in front of the grocery, polishing the Ford, when my Uncle Joe said that he wanted to see me. I went inside the store and found a gathering of the local power structure: the town marshal, the county sheriff, the owner of the furniture store, a livery-stable keeper, our leading physician, and my Uncle Joe.

Uncle Joe put his hand on my shoulder and said, "Turner, Mr. Eubank was found dead in his bed this morning, and I want you to take the truck, go over to his house, get the remains and take them out to the cemetery."

Suddenly the reason for this assembly became clear. The town elders wanted to ensure that our lone Republican was properly laid to rest. I felt proud to be part of this ceremony, which combined civic, political and religious significance. A younger boy, Clifford Sanford, was to assist me, but I was in charge. Clifford and I jumped into the Ford,

1972

went by Mr. Spivey's furniture store for a coffin, and then I drove us out to the Eubank house. His family led me into a little front room, where a body was lying on a bed under a heavy quilt. I lifted the quilt and there he was, our lone Republican, stiff and cold. I had been born and bred a Democrat, and I couldn't suppress a moment of triumph at the sight.

After we got Mr. Eubank and the coffin out to the Ford truck, I faced a problem. The Eubank family would be coming to the cemetery in a wagon drawn by mules. Should I drive the Ford slowly, so the mules could keep up in a funeral procession, or should I hurry on to the cemetery and let the family follow as best it could? It was our town's first motorized funeral, so I had no precedent to follow.

I decided to respect tradition and have a funeral procession. So I drove very slowly, wondering what sort of religious ceremony would be held. Mr. Eubank had never been seen in church, and we assumed that, being a Republican, he was bound to be an atheist too. I wondered if Mr. Eubank would be laid to rest in the respectable part of the graveyard or across a little gravel road in the Potter's Field. When our procession arrived, I was pleased to find mourners waiting around a newly dug grave in the respectable part of the cemetery, although only three feet from the gravel road.

Standing at the head of the grave was Brother Arnett, the Presby-

96E

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terian preacher. He led us in a hymn, and read from the Psalms, and then read Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar." Then we lowered the coffin into the grave and everyone present helped shovel dirt onto the coffin. It was a sort of community project.

When I drove the Ford back to the grocery store, a lot of people came around to congratulate me on a job well done. A great sense of relief came over the entire community. The Lord had taken away our Republican, and we were pure again.

Thus things stood until November of that year, when the balloting

was held in the Presidential election. I was standing in front of my uncles' grocery when I noticed a commotion in the courthouse yard where the balloting was being held. In those days, when you heard shouting at the courthouse on election day, you waited for the shooting to begin. Then, suddenly, I saw the chancery clerk break out of the crowd, race across the courthouse yard, jump over the fence, and come running into my uncles' store, waving his arms and shouting.

"My God, my God," he cried, "that Republican vote has showed up again!"

We had buried the wrong man.

### Vanishing Art

"MOMMIE, Michael's lin—ger—ing!" From far down the beach came the musical cry of Mike's little sister. She was trudging along ahead of her brother, hugging a tiny bucket of seashells. Her cry became part of the blazing sun and whitecapped ocean.

Mike was indeed lingering. He had stopped to stare at some fiddler crabs beside a brackish tidal pool. There had been the wonderful discovery of a pop bottle to turn in for pennies, and an old mayonnaise jar to house the reluctant crabs. While supper waited, Mike lingered. He studied a few shells, like waiting treasures, lining the shore at low tide. But Mike's real treasure was the fiddler crabs, waving their ridiculous claws in defiance at the snub-nosed, freckle-faced intruder who had dared to enter their swampy retreat.

"Mommie, Michael's lin—ger—ing!" I turned to look at his faraway

figure, one of my treasures—so small, silhouetted like an infinitesimal grain of sand against shore and sea.

Please, dear God, I prayed, let Michael linger and linger and linger. We all need to learn how to linger. For myself, I want to hear the smack of the children's baseball against the bat for a long time. I won't mind the excited voices of the volatile little players. I won't complain about the dirt that gets tracked into the house. Most of all, I want to remember Mike's blue-jeaned figure at the water's edge, remote and lost to me in a world of wonder and awe.

In the face of all the long-short days to come and the eternal peace we hope for, let me hear echoing down the years, the haunting, musical cry of Mike's little sister, "Mommie, Michael's lin—ger—ing!"

—Georgeann Carter in *Good Housekeeping*



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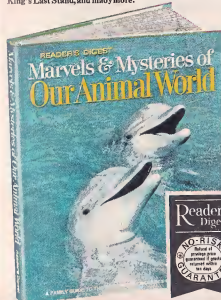
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By GORDON GASKILL



*The tombs of the Horatii and Curiatii, today within the urban boundaries, once marked the border of the Roman state*

FAYOLLE

NEXT TIME you drive down any of the multimillion miles of paved roads that lace this planet today, give a passing thought to an Italian highway now prosaically marked SS7 (Strada Statale—State Highway—No. 7) and to its creator, a blind Roman who died nearly 2300 years ago. He was Appius Claudius Caecus, Censor of the Republic, who in 312 B.C. bullied the Romans into letting him build the first, and the

greatest of all the roads that led to Rome—World Highway No. 1. Earlier roads, as in Persia, had a few patches of stone or tile on soft spots, but Appius Claudius' road was the first real, organized road-paving project. It bears and will bear forever the name of its builder: Via Appia, the Appian Way, which Romans proudly called *regina viarum*, "queen of highways."

Beginning with the Appia, Ro-



man engineers built a fantastic network of solid roads — totaling about 50,000 miles. This mighty web of pavement spread over most of Europe and Britain, North Africa, Asia Minor and the Middle East and linked together one of the greatest empires of all times.

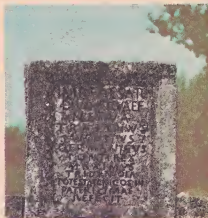
Appius Claudius never dreamed his paved-road idea would spread so wide. His own goal was limited and largely military. Suspicious of Capua, some 130 miles south and second only to Rome herself in power and population, he argued that a *paved* road would let travelers, merchandise, food — but above all the Roman legions — move swiftly if need be between the two cities. Rome voted to let him have his way — the Appian Way.

He was a tough taskmaster, insisting on the best work and the

*The bridge over Ninfa River in the stretch of road between Velletri and Terracina, in Latium*



FAVOLE



*This inscription reminds travelers that the bridge was rebuilt more than 18 centuries ago by Emperor Trajan*

FAVOLE

best paving material. In the latter he was lucky; in the hills near Rome thousands of years earlier volcanic eruptions had poured a flood of molten rock almost to the gates of the city. It cooled into one of nature's hardest stones, which Romans called *silex* and we call basalt.

Appius Claudius visited his cherished project almost daily. Since he could not see the quality of the work, tradition says, he *felt* it — by removing his sandals, and sliding his bare feet over the paving.

**Graves and Visions.** Nobody knows exactly how much of the paving Appius Claudius finished himself. Certainly he was long dead when the road reached Capua — which justified his suspicions by being one of the few important



Italian cities that sided with Hannibal against Rome in the Punic Wars. Later builders extended the Appia up into the mountains to Benevento, south over rough country to Taranto, then east to Brindisi. There the great road ended, about 450 miles from Rome.

Recently I decided to follow the queen of highways from start to finish. It was a journey through history, often through great beauty, and famous ghosts rode along with me. For this was the spinal column of Roman Italy, the central nervous system that helped master nearly all the known world.

Let's start in Rome where the Appia itself started — at the Porta Capena (the Capuan Gate) — or rather at its site, for not a stone of it is left. The first stretch of the Appia was primarily a cemetery, for Roman law forbade burial within the walled city. Many tomb inscriptions are still legible and poignant: A jeweler's tomb asks passersby not to forget him, for he

gave good value for their money. Another boasts that its occupant was a contractor for the Via Appia itself.

But not all the Appia here was funereal; there were temples, race courses, villas. And, says tradition, this is the place where Saint Peter, fleeing from Rome, saw a vision of Christ and asked in awe: "*Domine, quo vadis?*" — Lord, whither goest thou?" Christ answered: "I go to Rome to be crucified again." Chastened, Peter repented and turned back to be crucified himself. A church here commemorates his vision.

Near the fourth milestone, the philosopher Seneca was staying in a villa when he received Nero's order to kill himself. He did so calmly, cutting his veins, discoursing on philosophy with weeping friends as the life flowed away from him.

Much of the old Appia here has recently been made one-way — it's too narrow for modern two-way traffic — and most of the roadbed

has been asphalted over. But every now and then patches of the bumpy, original paving are exposed to view. Hand-cut into many-sided shapes and weighing from 50 to 250 pounds, the stones were set firmly but without cement into the underbedding, with sides matching to form almost a mosaic. Centuries of use have polished and smoothed them. Yet, here and there, it is easy to find deep ruts cut long ago by Roman wheels.

Six Thousand Crosses. Out here the old Appia is one of the loveliest, most evocative parts of all Rome. Families picnic under the flat-topped pines; children play around the ancient tombstones; lovers sit entwined in cars parked on the grassy shoulders.

But this beauty was nearly ruined—and is still imperiled—by Rome's wild building boom. To save the area, the Italian Parliament is taking measures to buy up all private land here for a stunning Appia Park—six miles long, including some 6250 acres—that will preserve this beauty forever. But the cost is great—an estimated \$48 million—and the pressure to ignore it, and to nibble away at the Appia, endures.

Almost 13 miles from its beginning, near the hamlet of Le Frattocchie, the old Appia merges with the modern State Highway 7, and together they head south down the boot of Italy, following almost, but not exactly, the route of the origi-

nal road. Le Frattocchie is the site of an ancient town named Bovillae, a famous stop on the old Appia—and the native home of the great Julian clan that produced Julius Caesar. Pointed out to me, near the road, were deposits of the same basalt rock Appius Claudius had used. "And we still use it today for road-building," said a state highway supervisor. "Except we grind it up now."

Somewhere south of here, in 71 B.C., the Appia saw perhaps the grisliest sight in all its long history. Some 70,000 rebellious slaves and gladiators, led by Spartacus, had finally been defeated. As a grim warning, the victorious Romans set up crosses at regular intervals along the Appian Way and on them they crucified captured slaves—*six thousand of them*.

Marshes and Mountains. From the heights of Velletri (the hometown of the Emperor Augustus) the route swoops down in wide gentle curves into an area where the Roman engineers faced a formidable challenge: how to get the Appia across the vast Pontine marshes—a tough job even with today's tools and skills. First, the Romans drove in mighty wooden pilings (some canal repairs a few years ago exposed a few of these timbers, still astoundingly well preserved). Then they heaped on brush, stone of all sizes and shapes, filled with gravel, pounded it down, until they had a solid bed that protruded about six

feet above high-water mark. And on this they laid the famous black paving stones.

This stretch of road, for about 25 miles north of Terracina, is still the longest absolutely straight piece of road in all Italy. Once we clambered down a grassy bank to look under what seemed a quite modern bridge. But it wasn't modern at all, except for a wider concrete slab laid atop the thing that really held it up: an ancient Roman bridge, with an inscription saying that Emperor Trajan had rebuilt it more than 18 centuries ago. How old must it already have been then?

I sat on this ancient bridge in the warm sun letting my mind and imagination wander back through the centuries—to 60 A.D. I glanced back toward Rome, almost hearing the silver trumpets flourish, almost seeing the Appia clogged with baggage carts, wagons, carriages of all kinds. Ahead of them and beside them ride black bodyguards from Africa, weapons gleaming, bracelets on their arms. In the central carriage, blazing with silver and gold, lolls a chubby young man of 23, bound for his villa on the sea near Naples. His name is Nero.

At Terracina, the Appia faced its second great challenge, a mountain rising straight from the sea, with no space for a road to pass around it. That mighty roadblock baffled the earliest engineers and, surrendering, they took the Appia

on a wide detour up and over the mountain. But the energetic Emperor Trajan decided the road must follow the sea-level route, cliff or no cliff, no matter the trouble or cost. I went to see the famous cut, and got a crick in my neck staring up at the work Trajan's engineers had accomplished with only hammer and chisel. In the cliff face Roman numerals mark their downward progress, right down to CXX or 120 Roman feet (about 117 English feet!)

Thanks to Trajan, the road now sweeps easily around the cliff to the town of Fondi where begins what was long the most dangerous stretch of the whole Appia. Here the road must climb steeply and sharply over mountains, through narrow ravines which bandits used for centuries to ambush travelers. And in this same winding part I turned off the modern road to bump carefully down what seems an abandoned country lane. In fact it is a mile or two of the original, ancient Via Appia, bypassed by the modern road.

A Time Machine. I remember one springtime visit there, when the road banks were clothed with judas tree, hawthorn and ilex; the air was rich with the scent of salvia and forget-me-not, with arum lilies, cyclamen, snapdragons and clover. Bees hummed among the flowers, birds sang in the wild fig trees. Here it was easy to dream. I thought of the fast hoofbeats here in 49



The end of the Appian Way at Brindisi was marked by two columns of African cipolin surmounted by white marble capitals. The column on the left fell down in 1528 and eventually was presented to the town of Lecce where it stands today

MANDEL

B.C. Julius Caesar has just cast the die, crossed the Rubicon, seized Rome. His rival, Pompey the Great, caught off balance, is hurrying south along these very stones, toward Brindisi at Appia's end, where he will take ship to the East to collect armies to fight Caesar. He clatters by in haste. Not many hours later, here is Caesar himself, hot on Pompey's heels, but too late to catch him — for now.

From here the Appia squeezes through narrowing mountains at Itri, falls down toward the sea along a rushing mountain street, past what's said to be the tomb of murdered Cicero outside Formia. It runs past the aqueduct, theater and ruins of ancient Formiae and reaches the Garigliano River. Here Saracen invaders landed in 846 A.D. and moved up to loot St. Peter's at Rome: here in 1944, in the face of murderous German fire, American and Free French soldiers managed to cross, and dyed this swift and muddy river with blood.

Just across the Garigliano, the Appia turns sharply east, toward Capua, which, as far as Appius Claudius was concerned, was the end of the line. As Roman power spread southward, however, Capua became just another halting place on the great road that later builders pushed much farther, still calling it the Appia.

Following it, I drove up into the mountains and through the moun-

tain country south of Benevento. Soon the Appia began dropping. Down, down, down, from mountain snow into sudden springtime, with the almond trees a cloud of pink blossoms, with grapevines showing green tips, with olive leaves showing silvery undersides. Next ancient Taranto — and now the road enters the home stretch, across flat country, through more vines and olives to Brindisi.

I had to slow down in the heavy city traffic, where the Appia was lost in a tangle of new avenues. Then it emerged, for just a few more yards, in a street only about 15 feet wide (like the original), named Via Colonne — "street of the columns." Here in a quiet little square, with steps leading down to the seafloor, stood a white marble column 62 feet tall. I let my car bump gently against its abutments, for this column marks the official end of the Via Appia.

I looked out over this ancient harbor, which has known ships for at least 2700 years, and thought of

all the men who had come here, down the Appia. Of the mighty legions that tramped along it and embarked here to conquer the rich East.

Then I headed back Romeward along this history book 450 miles long, my automobile once again taking me back through the long centuries. I made a sentimental stop in the outskirts of Caserta. Here Italy's greatest ancient road meets Italy's greatest modern one, the magnificent Autostrada del Sole which stretches all down the Italian boot. Here the ancient Appia bows humbly to pass under the new superhighway, which is a river of roaring traffic. I wondered suddenly if old Appius Claudius would sneer at this new upstart road. I can see him slipping off his sandals and begin sliding his bare feet over this new smooth black wide — to him incredibly wide — surface, testing it, testing it. I can see him nodding his arrogant old head with a faint smile. He'd love it.



### Terminological Exactitudes

THE SEVEREST epithet among politicians is "liar" and any Member of Parliament who uses it in the House of Commons against another MP has to withdraw it. But there are ways to get around this rule. Without batting an eye, the late Jimmy Gardiner, Liberal agriculture minister, once heard himself described as "having no more regard for the truth than a tomcat has for a marriage license."

— Trail, B.C., *Times*

# Fun and Games— Olympic Size



Party-loving Munich is all set  
for the merriest "Sportfest" in  
the history of the Olympics

By JAMES P. O'DONNELL

THE word is out in Munich: let there be fun and games. This boisterous South German city is groomed and preened to give the XXth Olympiad, which opened on August 26, that touch of madcap *Gaudi*, or Bavarian whoopee, for which it has long been famous.

Students of good living often rate Munich, which lies south of the Danube and just north of the Alps, as one of the world's top party towns. Every September, there's the giant *Oktoberfest* during which the city seems to submerge in a sea of superb beer, its own. Next comes *Fasching*, the Bavarian pre-Lenten carnival, which starts slowly in November, and does not end until Ash Wednesday, the following year. It features some 200 nocturnal balls—the Chrysanthemum Ball, the Press Ball, Students Night, a Gypsy Ball and

an Amazon Gala, among others—climaxed by a frenzied Crazy Tuesday, the last day before Lent.

All this, and now the Olympics—for which Munich is ready and waiting to provide a good time for the 12,000 athletes and trainers, 1.3 million locals, 2.5 million out-of-town visitors, and 900 million TV spectators around the globe.

The German poet Christian Morgenstern once wrote, "He who does not believe in miracles is no realist." Proof of this lies a mere couple of miles from the city's center. Here, on a vast meadow, the *Oberwiesenfeld*, is the spectacular site of the 1972 Summer Olympics. A vast mound of rubble dumped on the site after World War II, it has been transformed by battalions of bulldozers and earthmovers and now looks as if nature itself had placed it there—prettily, at that. A mile-long artificial lake, stocked with mountain trout, laps at its base, and the gleaming white main stadium lies neatly snuggled in the altered landscape like a Greek amphitheater.

Munich's Odeon Square during the Oktoberfest  
poignant. Reduced to ruins during World War II,  
"shining Munich" has been rebuilt into a  
bright replica of its old self



The main stadium is the most modern and eye-pleasing in the world. But the nearly square-mile Disneyland of sport also includes, among other facilities, two smaller outdoor stadia, four roofed Olympic pools, soccer and field-sport pitches, a velodrome, two indoor volleyball halls as well as a boxing arena, and a dazzling scoreboard with 168,960 bulbs. Thanks to a myriad computer hours of planning, no one point in this vast, fastidiously terraced conglomerate is more than a 15-minute stroll from any other, and all are within a 12-minute subway ride from downtown Munich.

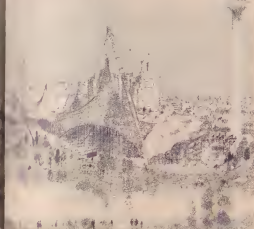
The champion athletes will be the human heart of the complex, lodged in terraced apartments that the Olympic Committee itself proudly compares to "the hanging gardens of Semiramis in Babylon." Within the two Olympic Villages—Men's and Women's—one finds all that is necessary for a small city: a post office, a chapel, entertainment clubs, a sick bay, a cinema, three dining halls able to handle 3500 customers at one time. As soon as the Games end, the Men's Village will be converted into modern residential apartments, while the Women's section will house students. The four-story Radio and TV Center will become the main building of the new Bavarian Sports University for the training of gymnasts and athletic instructors.

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For the past four years, the Oberwiesenfeld construction site has employed more than 15,000 workers. On my most recent visit I watched the delicate job of covering part of the main stadium, the sports hall and the swimming hall, with the world's largest tent roof, an architectural spectacular made of a translucent plastic called acrylic-glass. The roof has peaks in it, like miniature minarets, and will surely become the permanent image of Olympiad 1972.

The bill for all this runs to the incredible figure of nearly \$655 million. In amiable mockery Munich's citizens now associate the white-and-blue spiral symbol of the '72 Games with the site's zooming cost. But some of the items which the money has bought are truly exotic. Take, for instance, the 14 miles of warm-water tubing beneath the grass of the main stadium, installed to coddle the turf



against the blustery subalpine climate. Or the electronic method of scoring. In the time it takes a backstroke swimmer to touch up at the end of the pool and turn his eyes to the scoreboard, perhaps a quarter second, the programmed computer will have listed him as a winner and also have announced whether he has set a new Olympic or world record.

Surrounding the sports facilities, the Oberwiesenfeld's Olympic Park is decorated with thousands of full-grown trees—lindens, larches, poplars and oaks. The last of the trees were set out just before game time. A prudently planted raspberry patch serves as a natural barrier separating the Men's Olympic Village from the Women's.

One of the park's quirkier attractions lies just beyond the trees. There, carefully cultivating his dahlia patch and his all-religions chapel, is Brother Timofei, a Rus-

*For the Games, Munich transformed a junk yard of rubble into a magnificent Olympic Park with a lake stocked with trout and stadiums covered with tentlike roofs of clear plastic*

sian immigrant and self-ordained priest. A canny old squatter, he has valiantly resisted all official efforts to eject him from the Oberwiesenfeld since 1962. The site of his chapel was, originally, to be the Olympic riding ring. But the town felt it would be more pleasant to let Timofei stay put and so the good Brother is now doing a land-office business in cut flowers.

Perhaps Munich's flair for gamesmanship will be most evident on Sunday, September 10, the last day of the Games, when the gas-jet Olympic flame will slowly flicker out in the gloaming. The electronic scoreboard will flash "On to Montreal in 1976." At this moment, thousands of cheering hostesses, attendants and other retainers, clad in everything from clown-motley to Lederhosen costumes, will emerge to invite the spectators downtown for what promises to be a very hot time in the old town that last night.

And the old town "of the monks," founded in 1158 A.D., will be prepared. This in itself is a testimonial to Munich's vitality and regenerative power, for merely a quarter century ago it was but a mute wasteland. The bright monuments of the attractive and civilized city Thomas Mann loved and dubbed "shining Munich" was

a ghostly sepulcher in the aftermath of World War II, an architectural junk yard.

In those grim days, I poked about for signs of reborn life in the ruins. I soon noticed chugging little wood-burning locomotives, slowly hauling away what several generations had lovingly erected and one generation had wantonly destroyed—more than seven million cubic yards of blasted marble, alabaster and stucco rubble. Out of melancholy curiosity, I followed one of those locomotives on its narrow-gauge track out to the end of the line. It turned out to be a nondescript, weedy old parade ground and abandoned airfield—the Oberwiesenfeld. Here *Trümmerfrauen* (rubble-women), almost all of them middle-aged or elderly women, were diligently building a "Rubble Mountain," which was soon to reach more than 200 feet in height, the tallest hill in Munich. Today, completely transformed, it looms as a woodsy alp over Olympic Park.

The man most responsible for bringing the Games to Munich is its former *Oberbürgermeister*, 46-year-old Dr. Hans-Jochen Vogel. Back in 1966, when his city was awarded the Games, he was the youngest mayor of any German metropolis. Like all good Bavarians, he has plenty of heart, and behind the heart a sharp lawyer's mind.

Sharp, but also prudent. Gazing out a window and sweeping a hand

over his Oberwiesenfeld, he told me: "That obscene junk heap has been turned into a very valuable piece of municipal property. Moreover, the three stadia, the swimming hall and the hockey rink fill a long-standing city need for precisely such facilities. All told, we got \$450 million worth of permanent infrastructure for about \$60 million from the city treasury." The explanation: although the Olympic Committee alone raised 65 percent of the total cost, the Federal Government in Bonn footed 50 percent of the difference and the State of Bavaria 25 percent. The city even got a new subway into the bargain.

Those coming to Munich for the first time should set aside an early odd hour to enjoy the breathtaking view from Munich's new concrete-and-glass TV tower. Let your eyes wander over the long Pinakothek Museum, the Glyptothek for sculpture, the Frauenkirche with its twin onion-shaped, copper-green domes, the exuberant Theatiner Church, the Wittelsbach Royal Residence. Slowly at first, then with swelling emotion, you will become intensely aware that vanished, war-ravaged Munich has been reborn—rebuilt into an even brighter, modernized replica of its old self. *München leuchtet*, Munich shines again.

As I was moving recently about the city's broad avenues and curlicued little byways I was reminded

what an utterly enjoyable day can be spent in Munich, simply strolling—*flanierend* as they say here. Munich shines in ocher, lemon and alabaster light, its arcaded streets emptying into plazas with fountains and monuments of famous Bavarians.

Even a fortnight would hardly begin to exhaust the worldly pleasures Munich has to offer, beginning with the amber draft beer, or "barley-sap," in the world's most famous beerhall, the Hofbräuhaus. *Weisswurst*, a delicate white Bavarian sausage, is excellent for keeping a tourist's spirits up. It should be eaten after breakfast, but before noon, and dunked, gently, in sweet mustard. Whether the sweet-mustard flavor of Munich life will be entirely upset during

the teeming days of the Olympiad remains a moot question. For instance, despite the new rapid transit system, having the Games in Munich, could set yet another Olympic record—the greatest traffic pileup in the history of the Games. Moreover, though 18 new hotels have gone up in Munich in anticipation of the Games, all the hosteleries in the city, together, can only bed a small percentage of the expected Olympics visitors. The rest will have to be accommodated in private homes and in outlying villages and towns as far away as Augsburg, 40 miles distant.

And what about after the Games? "Well," Dr. Vogel told me, "we'll have just over a week to rest up. Then, of course, 'On to the Oktoberfest!'"



### How's That Again?

A WINNIPEG alderman at a council meeting: "A verbal agreement is not worth the paper it is written on."  
—Contributed by Harold Wookey

NOTE from physician testifying that pregnant patient might safely take plane trip: "This is to certify that I have examined Mrs. R and found her physically able to fly."  
—Contributed by Nancy Ray

THE British government explained its position on land taxation in a statement that left members of Parliament scratching their heads. Patrick Jenkin, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, distributed this written reply to one member's question:

"Where this would produce a gain (or loss) larger than the overall gain (or loss), the chargeable gain (or allowable loss) will be limited to the smaller amount; and if it would produce a gain where there is an actual loss, or a loss where there is an actual gain, there will be no chargeable gain or allowable loss."

—AP

NOVEMBER 27, 1770, was a snowy day in Boston. On the second floor of the courthouse on Queen Street, the bailiffs lighted candles against the gloom. The chilly courtroom was jammed with people. Shorthand writer John Hodgson, the official recorder, complained that he did not have room to move his elbow.

As the four judges took their places at the bench, a murmur of excitement went through the crowd. Their red robes, traditional for a murder trial, were to remind the jury that men's lives were at stake. But they reminded Bostonians only that their countrymen's blood had been spilled. The crowd's murmur-

ing rose to an ominous growl as eight British soldiers were summoned to the bar. Their faces drawn and pale from almost nine months in prison, they stood stiffly while the clerk of the court read the indictment: On March 5, these eight men had "shot off and discharged" muskets charged with gunpowder and lead bullets and thus "feloniously, willfully and of malice aforethought" murdered five citizens of Boston—an incident that was recorded in history as the Boston Massacre.

The defendants, strangers in a foreign city where most people hated them, did not expect a fair trial. Their commanding officer had won acquittal in an earlier trial by claim-

ing that they had fired without his orders. They considered themselves as good as hanged. Almost certainly, they would have been hanged—except for one courageous American, 35-year-old John Adams.

On the morning after the bloodshed, Adams was approached by a tearful emissary from the soldiers, an Irishman named James Forrest. He told Adams that he had searched Boston for a lawyer who would defend the accused men. He had found only two—and both of them had stipulated that they would undertake the unpopular task only if Adams headed the defense.

Outraged that not a single member of the Boston bar was willing to

defend the soldiers, Adams indignantly told Forrest that in a free country a lawyer "ought to be the very last thing" that an accused person should lack. He would take the case, he said, no matter how many clients it cost him.

More than once in the next few months, Adams must have wondered if he had made the right decision. Rocks were flung through the windows of his house and boys jeered him on the street. Samuel Adams, John's cousin, published 96 depositions from eyewitnesses, 94 of whom swore that the soldiers had wantonly shot down a group of peaceful Bostonians who were protesting acts of brutality committed

## JUSTICE, JOHN ADAMS, AND THE BOSTON MASSACRE

By THOMAS FLEMING

Great Moments in U.S. History

*A precious reminder that  
the rule of law is still freedom's  
best guarantee*



By the time the trial began, John Adams was acutely aware that he was standing almost alone against a mindless passion for revenge that had engulfed his countrymen. He knew that America was on trial here as much as these eight bewildered, frightened Britons.

The prosecuting attorneys, blunt, tough-talking Robert Treat Paine, and Samuel Quincy, opened the case with a parade of witnesses who testified that the soldiers had fired without provocation. According to their testimony, a few boys—"shavers"—had thrown snowballs at the redcoats and had called them nasty names, but no adult had raised a hand against them.

Several witnesses swore that one of the accused soldiers, Matthew Kilroy, had previously brawled with Bostonians and had declared his hatred of Americans. The witnesses insisted that Kilroy and another soldier, Hugh Montgomery, had shot Crispus Attucks and ropeworker Samuel Gray at point-blank range while they were standing peaceably in the front of the crowd. Other witnesses told a vivid story of attacks on the inhabitants by soldiers earlier in the evening. Nathaniel Appleton, for one, described how a dozen soldiers with drawn bayonets had rushed toward him on the steps of his house.

Then it was the defense's turn. Quietly, matter-of-factly, John Adams' young assistant, Josiah Quincy (younger brother of prosecu-

tor Samuel Quincy), put their witnesses on the stand. Their testimony wove a strangely different picture from that created by the prosecution. James Crawford told of meeting numbers of people going downtown with "pretty large cudgels" in their hands. Archibald Wilson told of sitting in a house near Dock Square when "a certain gentleman" came in and asked him how "he came to be sitting there when there was such trouble betwixt the soldiers and inhabitants." Looking out the window, he saw 30 or 40 men make "two or three sundry attacks" on soldiers loitering peacefully in front of their barracks. In Dock Square, Wilson found some 200 men armed with clubs. They surged away, shouting their determination to assault "the main guard." As the mob stormed up Royal Exchange Lane, Boston's church bells began to ring.

Benjamin Davis, Jr., shattered Samuel Gray's image as peaceable when he told of Gray's reaction to the news that there was fighting with the soldiers: "He said, 'Damn it, I am glad of it, I will knock some of them on the head.' He ran off."

Andrew, a Negro slave, testified that he was standing next to Crispus Attucks when the huge mulatto knocked Kilroy's gun down and struck him over the head with a club. Trying to tear Kilroy's gun loose, Attucks cried, "Kill the dogs. Knock them over." Kilroy wrenched his gun free and Andrew, sensing imminent bloodshed, "turned to go off." He had got away "only about

the length of a gun" when the main guard fired.

Other witnesses corroborated the testimony that Attucks struck at the soldiers with a club. Nor was he the only club swinger. Several witnesses described the clatter of many clubs on the muskets of the soldiers. Other people described numerous missiles flying through the air, snowballs, chunks of ice, sticks. One piece of wood knocked Hugh Montgomery on his back. As he struggled to his feet, witnesses testified, he pulled his trigger and shot Attucks. Asked if the soldiers had stepped out of rank or rushed the people, Andrew replied, "No." The crowd was so close to them that "if they had they might have killed me and many others with their bayonets." Nathaniel Russell, a chairmaker, supported this testimony, adding that the soldiers didn't even speak to the people. "They stood in a trembling manner as if they expected nothing but death."

Finally, the defense called to the witness stand respected Boston physician John Jeffries. He had treated Patrick Carr, an Irishman who had been mortally wounded when the soldiers fired into the crowd. Carr lived ten days and Jeffries conversed with him several times about the incident. Carr had been on the other side of the street, lingering on the rim of the crowd, when he was hit by a wild bullet.

In a quiet, authoritative voice, Jeffries testified that Carr had admitted "he thought that the soldiers would have fired long before."

When Adams summed up for the defense, he asked the jurymen to put themselves in the place of the soldiers. "Consider yourselves, as knowing that the prejudices of the world about you were against you; that the people about you thought you came to dragoon them into obedience to statutes, instructions, mandates and edicts, which they thoroughly detested. . . ." (The disgust in his voice made it clear that he, too, detested the arrogant British policies.) Then he asked the jury to picture "the people shouting, huzzaing and making the mob whistle . . . crying, 'Kill them! Kill them!' and heaving clubs . . . and then judge whether a reasonable man would not have concluded they were going to kill him."

Shrewdly, Adams asked the jurymen to imagine the scene reversed. What if one of the officers of the town militia had appointed a military watch, which might well have included Samuel Gray and Crispus Attucks? Suppose, then, that 30 or 40 British soldiers had rushed from their barracks "with no other arms than snowballs, cakes of ice, oyster shells, cinders and clubs and attacked this military watch in this manner, what do you suppose would have been the feelings and reasonings of any of our householders? I confess I believe they would not have borne the one half of what the witnesses have sworn the soldiers bore, till they had shot down as many as were necessary to intimidate and disperse the rest."

Adams' closing statement remains



one of the greatest tributes an American has made to the crucial role of the law in a free society: "To your candor and justice I submit the prisoners and their cause. The law, in all vicissitudes of government, fluctuations of the passions, or flights of enthusiasm, will preserve a steady, undeviating course. It will not bend to the uncertain wishes, imaginations and wanton tempers of men. On the one hand it is inexorable to the cries and lamentations of the prisoners; on the other it is deaf, deaf as an adder, to the clamors of the populace."

Once the prosecution had summarized its case, the judges explained the law to the jurors, and they withdrew. For the next two and a half hours the courtroom buzzed with speculation, and defense attorney Adams sat there, fearing the worst. He was sure that he had won the legal argument. But what if the jurors wanted revenge, like so many others in Boston?

Finally, a door behind the bench opened and the 12 jurors filed into their places.

The verdict was announced: Six of the defendants were found not guilty. Matthew Kilroy and Hugh Montgomery were found guilty of manslaughter but not of murder.



### Cross Reference

Gov. Ronald Reagan of California told Bob Hope that his favorite piece of mail came from a little girl. It read: "Will you please change the name of the Dumbarton Bridge?" and it was signed: "Mary Barton."

—James Bacon in Los Angeles *Herald-Examiner*

Under British law, anyone convicted of this crime who could read and write could plead "benefit of clergy" and accept as punishment branding on the thumb with a hot iron. Adams rose immediately and pleaded this rule, which the judges granted. The soldiers were free. John Adams had won.

But the triumph, as Adams rightly saw, really belonged to America. He had proved to Englishmen that Americans were civilized men, and that when they demanded their rights, Parliament should listen.

Some historians believe that this victory which John Adams won on behalf of the law had not a little to do with creating a powerful minority of British citizens who opposed their government's policy of rule by force, and badly weakened the British war effort during the American Revolution.

John Adams, who lived through those tumultuous decades to become the new nation's second President, may have been thinking of this when he looked back on the trial and pronounced it "one of the best pieces of service I ever rendered my country."

For us today, it should remain a precious reminder that the rule of law is freedom's best guarantee.



## the Best Medicine

A FELLOW who just returned from his vacation reported that he flew with one of those cut-rate airlines. "The plane didn't have a piano in the lounge," he said. "Instead, the stewardess passed out combs and tissue paper."

—Shelby Friedman

ON HIS San Francisco TV show, Jim Dunbar asked Gloria Steinem about *Ms.*, the women's-lib magazine that she helped create. Explained Ms. Steinem: "It will cover all the broad issues."

—Herb Caen in San Francisco *Chronicle*

DURING a golf tournament, a touring professional was introduced to a man wearing dark glasses and carrying a cane, who told him that some years ago he was a national golf champion. The pro apologized for not knowing him. "No reason you should," said the man. "I was champion of the blind golfers." Then he challenged the pro to a charity match to raise funds for the blind. "But I don't want any special favors," said the man. "I'll play you for \$50 a hole."

"But that would be taking unfair advantage of you," the golfer protested.

The blind man insisted, and so the pro gave in and asked when he would

like to play. "Any night at all," said the man. "Any night at all."

—Alex Thien in Milwaukee *Sentinel*

LETTER from Audrey C. Hague to Troy Gordon in *Tulsa World*:

"I see in the paper where some New Yorkers feel that Women Only hotels are discriminatory and must go. First thing you know, instead of YMs and YWs, we'll have Y Nots?"

The following games have been suggested for children to play in the car when the family takes its summer vacation:

Who can climb back and forth over the front seat fastest?

How many empty pop bottles will the back seat hold?

Count the number of filling stations you pass without stopping.

How long does it take for a chocolate bar to melt in the back window?

Estimate the number of miles you can go before someone gets sick.

How far can Daddy drive without blowing his top?

—Lydel Sims in Memphis *Commercial Appeal*

A CHAIN of "convenience stores" that open at 7 a.m. and remain open until 11 p.m. have marquee which announce: 7 to 11. "Look at that!" exclaimed one young woman. "Inflation has even reached the 5 & 10s!"

—Contributed by David S. Bair

The industrial tycoon, having trouble sleeping, visited his doctor. The doctor prescribed several different sedatives, but none did any good.

Then, one day, the tycoon told the doctor, "My wife had some women in last night. They were talking about

twilight sleep. Would that help me?"  
 "No," said the physician. "Twilight sleep is only for labor."

The tycoon banged his fist down. "That's the trouble with this country," he exploded. "Never have anything for management!"

—Henri Saint-Laurent, *Handbook of Sales Humor for All Situations* (Parker)

A PROBLEM I faced when I first moved into a town house was remembering the house number. One day, I went to the wrong door. I fumbled with the key, trying to turn the lock. Just as I was about to give the door a kick, a man came up behind me. "Can I help you?" he asked.



"No, thanks," I replied. "This lock seems to be stuck."

"Is that so?" said he.

"Yes," I grumbled, still trying to work the lock.

"Well," he declared, "if that key works, you and my wife have a lot of explaining to do."

—Contributed by Nathaniel Lester

ONE of San Francisco's topless dancers went to a plastic surgeon for sili-

cone shots, and he warned her the substance sometimes shifts. "You mean," she gasped, "I could have the fattest knees in the world?"

—Bob Talbert in *Detroit Free Press*

A FEW weeks after our wedding, my wife and I were trying out a new mobile camper for the first time. We were so excited with it that it took us quite a while to get settled that night. I was about to fall asleep when my wife said happily, "This is what I call parking!"

—Contributed by Neil L. Jones

BACK from an economic conference in Paris, a banker from Missouri was asked if he had had any difficulty with his French while he was there. "No," he asserted. "But the French did."

—Bennett Cerf

JESSE SCHIMMEL of the *New York Post* says his wife is an old hand at acupuncture: "She's been needling me for 40 years."

—Earl Wilson, *Publishers-Hall Syndicate*

JOY GARRETT, who appeared in the Broadway musical *Inner City*, says that some bus drivers are funnier than professional comics. Not long ago, she returned to New York from Washington by bus, and the biggest laugh she had heard in years came when the bus pulled up at a restaurant for the customary comfort-station stop.

The driver, in his best Ed McMahon manner, called out: "And now, heecccere's Johnny!"

—Norton Mockridge, *United-Feature Syndicate*

*Readers' contributions are solicited for this department. See page 10 for information concerning payment.*



Condensed from *FAMILY HEALTH*  
 FRED WARSHOFSKY

## Warning: X Rays May Be Dangerous to Your Health

Too many of us have too much X-ray exposure. But there are precautions you can take

IN 1970, the last year for which figures are available, 129 million Americans were exposed to a total of 210 million medical and dental X-ray examinations, involving the taking of 650 million films. Such X rays make up 95 percent of all the man-made radiation to which we are exposed, and undoubtedly save hundreds of thousands of lives each year. At the same time, however, experts are becoming increasingly concerned that X rays may pose a major threat to the genetic inheritance of children as yet unperceived and that they may be causing a significant number of avoidable deaths each year. Shockingly, much of this diagnostic X-ray exposure, at least 30 percent, according to John

Villforth, director of the U.S. Bureau of Radiological Health, is unproductive—the examination doesn't contribute any diagnostic information to the physician.

Medical X rays are packed with tremendous energy. The beams rip like lightning bolts through the delicate walls of cells, altering their metabolism, changing their character, often destroying them. If enough cells of a particular type are struck, the results are disastrous. If, for example, they are blood-making cells in the bone marrow and enough of them are damaged, leukemia can result. K. Z. Morgan, director of the Health Services Division, Oak Ridge National Laboratories, estimates that deaths due to

X-ray-induced diseases (such as bone cancer, thyroid tumors and leukemia) range from 3000 to 4000 and more annually.

Yet it is not leukemia and cancer but the threat to our reproductive cells that is causing the most concern. If these cells, housed in the male and female genitals, are damaged by X rays, the chances of genetic defects in the offspring—from mental retardation and blindness to a host of lethal mutations—are greatly increased.

No one knows precisely how much of a radiation dose will cause mutations. But animal experiments have convinced radiation biologists that *any* dose to the gonads—no matter how small—carries some risk. The effects, furthermore, are cumulative. K. Z. Morgan estimates that as many as 30,000 malignancies, stillbirths and spontaneous abortions may occur each year in future generations because of such genetic damage. Mutations almost always produce damaged offspring, and constitute an increasingly greater burden to parents and society. One study indicates, for example, that there may be increased risk of childhood cancers as a result of X-ray exposure of the mother prior to conception. This means that the reproductive machinery of the mother had been altered by X rays in such a way as to include an increased risk of cancer as part of the future child's genetic inheritance, and henceforth this inheritance may be passed from one generation to another.

Perhaps the greatest X-ray threat comes during pregnancy. A Harvard study of more than 700,000 infants in 39 U.S. hospitals showed a 40-percent increase in leukemia and cancer of the central nervous system in children whose mothers were X-rayed during pregnancy. A study in Great Britain by Dr. Alice Stewart found that the risk of death from leukemia and other forms of cancer is about 50-percent higher among children exposed to diagnostic X rays in utero. As a result of such findings the International Commission on Radiological Protection recommends that all radiological examinations of the lower abdomen and pelvis of women of reproductive capacity, that are not in connection with an immediate illness of the patient, be limited to the ten-day interval following the onset of menstruation, the period when pregnancy is least likely. Yet pregnant women are still being exposed to X rays in the pelvic area.

Why are people subjected so needlessly to X rays? One trouble is that too many X-ray machines in the United States are owned and operated by non-radiologists (such as physicians, dentists and chiropractors), who have no education in health physics or radiation protection. Only three states require that X-ray technicians be licensed, and two of those three exempt the physician simply because he has an M.D. after his name. But rare is the medical-school curriculum that has more than two or three lectures on radiological pro-

tection and techniques. Actually, the only real X-ray training the non-radiologist gets is more than likely from the X-ray-equipment salesman, who may well be more interested in selling machines than in protecting the patient.

But in many instances radiation protection is easy to provide. One way is to use a collimator. This can be as simple as a lead washer that narrows the X-ray-beam size to the exact size of the film. Without collimation, the beam is often as much as four times larger than necessary, thereby exposing far more of the body area. In the case of chest, abdominal and spinal X rays, this means that the gonads are also irradiated. Unfortunately, collimation is often ignored. "Collimation means that the beam must be aimed more precisely," explains John Villforth. "If the doctor or technician is careless about aiming, he may miss the target organ entirely and have to reshoot. Too many are willing to expose the patient to a lot more beam, to be certain of getting their picture."

Another way to reduce or eliminate X-ray exposure of the gonads is to use gonadal shielding. A University of California team has recently improved what amounts to a set of lead underdrawers to be worn by men. But it is unlikely that an effective shield can be developed for women.

The best way to reduce exposure, obviously, would be to eliminate unnecessary X-ray examinations. Why are they made? Sometimes the pa-

tient pressures the doctor into ordering an X ray because he feels that an examination is incomplete without one. Sometimes physicians are so fearful of malpractice suits that they will order X rays simply to have evidence to show the nature of the problem treated and that their treatment was correct. Sometimes, with Medicaid and local programs paying up to \$15 to \$25 per X ray, doctors and dentists use their machines simply to make money. It is suspected that in some ghetto clinics, even before seeing a doctor, patients have two chest X rays, a spinal X ray for the chiropractor and two X rays of the feet for the podiatrist. Later the patient may have a full set of 14 mouth X rays made for the dentist. In New York one dentist with 17 X-ray machines in his two offices recently sued Medicaid for non-payment of more than \$300,000 in X-ray fees.

But it is in the daily practice of medicine that most people are needlessly exposed, simply because X rays have become routine. "It is," says Dr. John L. McClenahan in an editorial in *Radiology*, "easier to order an X-ray examination than to think." Proving this point, Drs. Russell S. Bell and John W. Loop of the University of Washington School of Medicine studied 435 patients who received head injuries and were X-rayed in hospital emergency rooms even though preliminary examination did not indicate a fracture. They did not find a single patient whose treatment was significantly different as a result of X ray. Bell and Loop

found that 34 percent of the skull X rays were made for legal reasons, anticipating a suit or insurance claim.

Some small progress is being made in reducing the routine use of X ray. Such old routines as mass chest X rays are being eliminated. But rare indeed is the dentist who does not recommend or simply go ahead with a full set of 14 X rays of his patient's mouth once a year. The Bureau of Radiological Health and the American College of Radiology have established guidelines and sent them out in the form of a booklet to every user of X-ray equipment in the United States. The single most important step, however—the enforcement of standards for everyone who operates X-ray equipment—is the province of the states, and virtually all states have either not yet established standards or are so hampered by a lack of funds that their standards are unenforced.

Increasing awareness of X-ray dangers has produced some hopeful results. Notably there is a decline in a measurement known as the "genetically significant dose," a highly technical statistical measure of the X-ray exposure to the reproductive system of men under 65 and women under 50. Last spring the U.S. Public Health Service announced that between 1964 and 1970 the GSD had

dropped by a third. But officials warn against interpreting these figures too optimistically: the decline was due primarily to a decrease in the gonadal dose to males; the dose to women of childbearing age increased by 12 percent in the same period.

For all its dangers, the X ray is certainly too important a tool to abandon. Until everyone who operates X-ray equipment is properly trained and made to conform to standards, there are questions the patient himself can ask to prevent unnecessary exposure. He should ask his physician or dentist:

- "Is this X ray absolutely essential to my wellbeing?"

- "Are there no previously made X-ray films or other test results that might provide the needed information?"

- "If the X ray is essential, has every step been taken to limit the exposure to the absolute minimum and to restrict the X-ray beam to that part of my body undergoing examination?"

If everyone who operates X-ray equipment will proceed only when he can answer yes to these questions, then the X-ray beam will resume its role as a vital weapon against disease and not itself become a threat to health.

### Ticker-Tape Talk

Two Fort Worth stockbrokers: "Let's talk about something else besides business." "Okay, let's talk about women." "Good idea. Common or preferred?"

—Chris Hobson in Fort Worth Press

## The Summer I Wrapped Cabbage Heads

The man said, "This job requires patience. Not skill. Just patience. You sit on this low stool surrounded by hundreds of cabbages. You wrap each head in a piece of cellophane. People don't usually stay at this job more than a month."

When I went home and told I had a summer job wrapping cabbages, my father said, "One of two things will happen. You'll love your work and think back on it with joy or you will hate your work and never want to see another cabbage."

"She'll never want to see another cabbage!" promised my brother Harry.

My father mused, "A cabbage is a marvelous creation. After its seed matures it takes up a square foot of space on earth.

"Cabbages live in the country and travel to town. Often they travel by jet. I doubt if you could find anyone taking his cabbages to market in a cart these days.

"Out there in the country cabbages see the lights of the city wink on at night. They see the stars and the moon and the satellites in orbit. They witness considerable.

"No other vegetable is quite so similar to the human head as the cabbage with its bold-interlocking veining system. Some smooth-veined . . . some veined . . . some protruding . . . all with character. They have a most refined and civilized appearance.

"Some cabbage leaves are blue-green . . . some yellow-green . . . some leaves are highly curled . . . some prim stiff and proper . . . erect and sprawling.

"You'll even see red cabbages. Lucky the day you handle a red cabbage. . . ."

He said it all softly, but I heard every word my father said.

And all that summer while I wrapped the cabbage heads his words and the cabbages sustained me. I lasted three months and left only because it was time to go back to school.

I was sorry to see that summer's work come to an end.

—MAGGIE SMITH in *The Christian Science Monitor*



# TO KNOW THE TRUE FROM THE FALSE

*Condensed from an address*  
CHARLES MALIK

**T**HERE is truth, and there is falsehood. There is good, and there is evil. There is happiness, and there is misery. There is expansiveness, and there is self-withdrawal. There is freedom, and there is slavery.

There is that which ennobles, and there is that which demeans. There is that which conduces to strength and health, and there is that which conspires to weakness and disease. There is a climate of confidence and trust and peace, and there is when the spirit of contradiction and conflict hits you in the face. There is that which puts you in harmony with yourself, with others, with the universe, with God, and there is that which alienates you from yourself, from the world and from God. There is that which makes you feel

certain and confident, and there is that which insinuates doubt and uncertainty in your soul. There is that which makes you decisive, and there is that which causes you to waver and equivocate. There is that which opens every pore of your existence to the whispers of being, and there is that which causes you to shut up like a clam. There is when you see God on the face of every man you come across, and there is when you pass men by without even noticing them.

There is when you want to dance and sing, and there is when you have no desire to move or look at anything. There is when you love children and old women and flowers and the drifting clouds and the raging waves, and even the rocks and stones; and there is when you hate everybody and everything—above all, yourself. There is real ecstatic mastery over every impulse in your being, and there is awful flabbiness whereby everything sweeps you away with it. There is life and full-

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CHARLES MALIK, Lebanese philosopher, educator and diplomat, served in 1958-59 as president of the U.N. General Assembly. This moving talk, given at a management meeting last year in Oakbrook, Ill., was inspired by the book of Ecclesiastes.

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ness of being, and there is tending subtly, gradually toward nothingness and death.

These things are different and separate and totally distinguishable from one another. Truth is not the same as falsehood, happiness is not the same as misery. We will not be far wrong if we say the first elements of these 17 pairs all come from the living God, and the second elements all from the devil.

The greatest error in modern times is the confusion between these orders of being. Nothing is anything firm in itself—this is the great heresy of the modern world. But, there is no power on earth or in heaven that can make falsehood truth, evil good, misery happiness, slavery freedom. And yet what do philosophers tell you in the great centers of learning? They insist that everything depends on what you mean, on how you define the thing, so that truth properly defined could be falsehood. It is all to them a matter of definition. Yet it is the devil himself when you are denied the firmness and certainty of being, when everything is made dependent on you. For then the mind becomes so blurred and blunted in its judgment that it fails to see the real, given distinction between things.

How do we become true and good, happy and genuine, joyful and free? Never by magic, never by chance, never by sitting and waiting, but only by getting in touch with good, true, happy, genuine human

beings, only by seeking the company of the strong and the free, only by catching spontaneity and freedom from those who are themselves spontaneous and free.

You will then develop a sharpness of perception to differentiate unerringly between the true and the phony, between the beautiful and the hideous, the noble and the mean. You will also develop the ability to blush, the ability to cry and shed tears, the ability to repent, the ability to fall on your knees and pray, the ability to become a real moral human person.

Should you read the Bible—both Old and New Testaments, especially the Psalms and the Gospels—reverently and prayerfully every day, should you read the deepest and purest saints and men of God, should you faithfully serve the church and participate in the fullness of its life despite its endless frailties and imperfections and tribulations, should you practice the great art of mental and moral discipline, and should you seek, with love and expectation and self-giving, the company of those who do these things, I guarantee you two things: first, that you will experience in your own life and being a taste of what is beautiful and strong and certain and free; and second, you will develop such a sharpness of vision as to distinguish the true from the false whenever you come across them. And both your being and your vision will grant you some knowledge of God.

*Once a black liberator, Ahmed Sékou Touré now runs an oppressive police state on the West African coast, propped up by massive aid from Russia, China and the United States*

## The Tyrant Everybody Cultivates

BY DAVID REED



WHEN he is in a good mood, he is one of the boys. He beams, claps you on the shoulder and laughs heartily. But when the talk turns to the "traitors" who would destroy all that he has sought to create, his eyes blaze, his visage hardens, his voice grows menacing.

Ahmed Sékou Touré, president of the West African republic of Guinea, is one of the most brilliant leaders that Africa has ever produced. But he is also a miniature Stalin, a man who has unleashed a

reign of terror in Guinea the like of which independent Africa has seldom seen. Some 2500 Guineans have disappeared into his prisons. Dozens, perhaps hundreds, have been executed, all without trial. An estimated 700,000 persons, one sixth of Guinea's 1960 population, have fled.

A French colony until 14 years ago, Guinea is one of the smallest countries in Africa, with an estimated remaining population of about 3.5 million. It is almost broke and possesses no effective military power. Yet Touré commands not only the

respect of black Africa but the support of important segments of both the communist and capitalist worlds. A Russian naval task force, stationed just over the horizon from Conakry, his sunny, seaside capital, helps keep him in power. The Chinese have launched a big aid program to shore up his regime. Fidel Castro has sent him several hundred black Cuban soldiers to train his militia. The United States has poured in \$114 million of aid. Even West Germany lavished \$24 million on him before its embassy was ignominiously burned out on his orders.

Why does everyone pay such attention to this man? The communists see him as a revolutionary they ought to cultivate. America cultivates him partly to counteract the communists but more importantly because of the bauxite (aluminum ore) he controls: American firms have invested \$150 million in two international consortia which operate bauxite mines in Guinea. Many Africans, at the same time, regard him as the Simón Bolívar of that continent—the man who, like David against Goliath, defied Charles de Gaulle, hastened Guinea's independence and who now speaks up eloquently on behalf of freedom

for the blacks in southern Africa.

**Justice à la Guinée.** But this same man has turned his own country into an echo of Russia during the Great Terror of the 1930s. Guinea's people are shut off from the rest of the world. There is no newspaper, and no magazines or books worthy of the name are available, only dreary ideological tracts, most of them authored by Touré himself. When officials answer their phones, they bark, "Ready for the revolution!" At night, militiamen and citizen guards toting Russian AK-47 automatic rifles set up barricades every few blocks, check identity papers and conduct searches of cars. On my first day in Guinea I was warned not to walk through a park in front of Touré's palace because "the guards might shoot."

The present terror in Guinea was precipitated nearly two years ago by a bizarre raid on Conakry. Guerrillas whom Touré had allowed to use his territory as sanctuary for attacks against neighboring Portuguese Guinea had captured some 50 men in that territory and lodged them in one of Touré's jails. In revenge, an expeditionary force of some 350 men was dispatched by sea from Portuguese Guinea, landed in Conakry and freed the prisoners.

Stung by the ease with which this raid had been carried out, and fearful that Guinea was slipping from his grasp, Touré lashed out at the "traitors" around him. He imprisoned: 17 of 24 cabinet members, 90

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ROVING EDITOR David Reed has reported from more than 70 countries. He and Paris-based Senior Editor Francis Schell, who accompanied him to Guinea recently, are among the few Western journalists ever to interview Sékou Touré—and the first in more than a year.

percent of the army's senior officers, including the commander-in-chief, 14 of 29 provincial governors, two former ambassadors to Washington, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Conakry, the chief of his own bodyguard, scores of civil servants, doctors, engineers and other educated people. Even Touré's personal physician, a friend since childhood, was swept up.

Sometime later, Radio Conakry began broadcasting "confessions" of many of those arrested (obtained, it has been reported, by simply refusing to give them food and water until they complied). Then one morning, people going to work saw four bodies hanging from an overpass near the main part of Conakry—three cabinet secretaries and a police commissioner. Subsequently, other executions were held in provincial capitals. Sources in Guinea say that schoolchildren were summoned to watch and, in some cases, gasoline was poured over the live victims and set alight.

**Bare Shelves.** Potentially, Guinea is a rich country, endowed with rich farmlands, minerals, a huge potential for hydroelectric power. Yet Touré's socialism has proved a disaster. The country's coffers are empty, the currency almost worthless. Officially pegged at 227 Guinean francs, on the black market a dollar fetches up to 3000 francs. Prices have skyrocketed. The average worker in Conakry earns around 12,000 francs a month, and a shirt can cost 10,000 to 15,000. Vast amounts of Guinea's

produce—rice, coffee and beef—are smuggled to neighboring countries for sale, the farmers being unwilling to accept near-worthless Guinean francs for their labor.

Conakry is a dead city. One sees skeletons of unfinished buildings, abandoned when the French left. Department stores have been nationalized, and the shelves now are literally bare. Conakry's harbor is silting up, its equipment is old and rickety, and most shipping lines avoid it. The streets are half-deserted.

Day and night, refugees continue to slip across the borders. Most are peasant farmers, driven out by economic conditions, but the refugees have included a large share of the educated elite, the people on whom Guinea's hopes for a better future might have rested. One example: fewer than ten Guinean doctors are left.

One thing does prosper in Guinea, the bauxite mines. The American and other Western aluminum companies have always got along well with Touré, because the huge, 12-year-old Fria bauxite operation is one of the few enterprises in his battered economy that functions. Last year, Fria yielded Touré \$12 million, at least two thirds of his meager supply of hard currency. Another international consortium is opening a mine in the Boké region which, when in full production, will boost total revenues to the government to at least \$33 million a year.

**Defying de Gaulle.** Ahmed Sékou Touré was born in Guinea 50

years ago, the son of a farmer. Expelled from school at age 15 for leading a student strike, he took correspondence courses and became a postal clerk. Soon, he had organized the postal workers in a union and battled colonial officials for better pay. Favored by socialist politicians who were then in power in Paris, he rose swiftly as a political leader and, in 1956, became mayor of Conakry. To get his way, he sent goon squads to beat up political opponents and burn their houses.

Two years later, when de Gaulle offered all 13 French colonies in Africa their choice of semi-independence in a "French community" or of going it alone as an independent state without subsidies, Touré led Guinea into voting for a full break—the only colony that did. Determined to teach the upstart a lesson, de Gaulle ordered French officials to leave Guinea at once. They took with them all official records, including Touré's birth certificate, removed desks and typewriters, even ripped out telephones. Guinea, which had about six college graduates and had been receiving nearly half its budget from France, seemed on the brink of collapse.

But soon after the French departure, the communist countries rushed in to prop up the country with substantial aid programs. The United States and other Western powers followed suit.

**Biting the Hands That Feed.** Today the great powers still come to Conakry. Russia and China each

have about 1000 aides in the country. They vie furiously. Guinea's leading technical-training institute is staffed mostly by Russians. The Chinese are active in rice cultivation and health programs. Cagily, Touré has declined to take sides in the Sino-Soviet dispute, leaving them to outbid each other in courting his favor.

Indeed, he is coldly disdainful to almost everyone. American diplomats in Conakry have long grown accustomed to wearing a crown of thorns. Touré drove out the Peace Corps. On one occasion, he put the entire American embassy under arrest, forbidding them to leave their offices, and sent a mob which broke into the ambassador's residence while his wife and children huddled upstairs. Still, Washington sent Guinea \$4.7 million worth of surplus food during fiscal 1972.

Other Western embassies have fared even worse. After innumerable rows, France broke relations. The British were ousted because of Rhodesia. The Israelis got the heave-ho because of the Six Day War. Twenty U.N. technicians were bounced recently for some reason or other. It was West Germans, however, who got the full treatment. Accusing them of subversion, including complicity in the Portuguese raid, Touré broke relations and expelled the West Germans so suddenly that some arrived by plane in the European winter clad only in nightwear.

**A People Condemned.** Now middle-aged, his hair flecked with gray,

Touré retains all the brawling energies of his early years. Like Stalin, he likes to work at night, and councils of state are sometimes held in the wee hours. As a result, nothing gets done at the top levels of government until late in the morning, when yawning officials show up after a hard day's night at the palace.

While most African rulers live amid monumental corruption and regal ostentation, Touré pursues a simple life and sees to it that his regime is virtually free of graft. His official residence is called a palace but is unpretentious. When he meets visiting heads of state at the airport, he pops into the driver's seat and chauffeurs the startled guest back to town. Cigarette dangling from his lips, he steers with one hand and, with the other, waves a handkerchief at the multitudes. All the while, he directs a drumfire monologue at the guest. There is no danger, however, of a collision with another car. For two hours in advance, the road is always cleared of traffic and, just in case "fifth columnists" have a trick up their sleeves, it is lined with armed militiamen.

One evening my colleague and I were summoned to the palace. More than a dozen officials, men fortunate enough to have survived the purge,

were gathered in Touré's office, in which hangs a large photograph of Lenin. They bolted to attention as Touré, clad in khaki uniform, strode in. As we talked, he acknowledged that the economy was in bad shape. But that was not important. "Before you make an economy, you make a people!" he thundered in a voice that has mesmerized so many for years. "Our dignity will be our riches," he said, eyes blazing. "Who helped the American people get where they are? No one! Why shouldn't Guinea do the same?" When we left, Touré bubbled good cheer and gave me a keepsake: a volume, autographed by himself, of the confessions of "traitors" who have disappeared into his prisons.

If the ruin of the economy is any indicator, Touré will not achieve the ambitions that he has set for his country. But, barring what is called an unforeseen circumstance, he will be around for a long time, and his voice will continue to reverberate across Africa—and beyond. It is unlikely that either the Russians or Chinese will ever be able to count him in their pockets. He is too combatively independent for that. All the while, the Guinean people will remain condemned to a twilight existence under totalitarian rule.

### Entrance Requirement

A MAN reported on his return from a visit with his family to Walt Disney World in Florida that his bank account was battered unmercifully. "It was nice," he said, "but down there they have a rule—children under 12 must be accompanied by money."

—James Dent in Charleston, W. Va., *Gazette*



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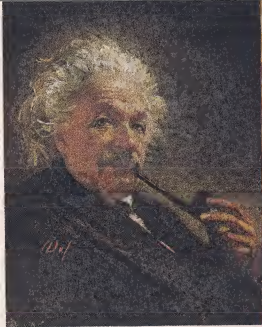


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## Einstein: The Man Behind the Genius



Despite his almost superhuman dedication to science, Albert Einstein (1879-1955) could not hide the personality that endeared him to millions who only dimly understood how his theory of relativity had transformed man's conception of the universe. In his recently published biography, *Einstein, The Life and Times*, Ronald W. Clark declares, "Behind the great man there lurked a perpetual glint in the eye, a fundamental irreverence for authority, and an unexpected sense of the ridiculous that could unlatch a deep belly laugh that shook the windows." Here, condensed and adapted from the Clark book and several others, are revealing glimpses of Einstein the man.

ALBERT was no child prodigy. Indeed, it was a long time before he learned to speak. He was always taciturn and never inclined to enter into games.

When soldiers marched through the streets of Munich accompanied

by the roll of drums and the shrill of fifes, children enthusiastically joined the parade and tried to keep in step. But when little Albert passed such a parade, he began to cry and said to his parents, "When I grow up, I don't want to be one of those

people." He saw the parade as a movement of people compelled to be machines.

—Philipp Frank, physicist and friend of Einstein

WHEN, as a child of four or five, Albert was ill in bed, his father brought him a magnetic compass to play with. The effect was dramatic. Here was a needle, isolated and unreachable, totally enclosed, yet caught in the grip of an invisible urge that made it strive determinedly toward the North. To young Albert the magnetic needle came as a revelation. It did not fit. It mocked his early, simple picture of an orderly world.

—Helen Dukas and Banesh Hoffmann

I TOOK violin lessons from age 6 to 14, but had no luck with my teachers, for whom music did not transcend mechanical practicing. I really began to learn only after I had fallen in love with Mozart's sonatas. The attempt to reproduce their singular grace compelled me to improve my technique. I believe, on the whole, that love is a better teacher than sense of duty.

—Albert Einstein, quoted by Helen Dukas and Banesh Hoffmann

I SOMETIMES ask myself why I was the one to develop the theory of relativity. The reason, I think, is that a normal adult never stops to think about problems of space and time. These are things which he has thought of as a child. But I began to wonder about space and time only when I had grown up. Naturally, I

could go deeper into the problem than a child.

—Albert Einstein, quoted by Ronald W. Clark

IN 1916, after his decade of struggle had just culminated in the general theory of relativity, Einstein went to Holland to visit 63-year-old physicist H. A. Lorentz, whom Einstein called "the greatest and noblest man of our times." A mutual friend, Paul Ehrenfest, described the meeting in Lorentz's study: "A cigar was provided for the guest, and only then did Lorentz begin to formulate a finely polished question concerning Einstein's theory.

"When he had finished, Einstein bent over the slip of paper on which Lorentz had been writing mathematical formulas as he spoke. Einstein pensively twisted his finger in a lock of hair over his right ear. Lorentz sat smiling at him the way a father looks at a particularly beloved son—confident that the youngster will crack the nut he had given him, but eager to see how.

"Suddenly Einstein's head shot up joyfully; he 'had' it. Still a bit of give and take, interrupting one another, a partial disagreement, quick clarification and mutual understanding, and then both men with beaming eyes skimming over the shining riches of the new theory."

—Martin J. Klein

ELSA (Einstein's second wife) was not a sharer in his scientific work. But their relationship dominated his private life. When he emerged from his study, pulling at his pipe, Elsa

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**See over for full details**

would slowly bring him back to reality as though awakening a sleep-walker. She would gradually bring to his attention the people around him or the food on his plate.

One day she said to him, "People talk a lot about your work. I appear so stupid when I say I know nothing. Couldn't you just tell me a little about it?"

He thought for a moment. "Well . . ." he began with a visible effort. Then his face lit up. "If people ask you, you can tell them that you know all about it, but can't tell them, as it is a great secret!"

—Antonina Vallentin, journalist and family friend

THE National Academy of Sciences in Washington was honoring several noted people. None were exciting speakers, and all droned on and on. To me it was embarrassing, but Einstein, smiling, leaned over to a Dutchman alongside him and whispered something. The Dutchman turned away quickly to hide his guffaw. "What did Einstein say?" we asked afterward. "He said, 'I have just got a new theory of Eternity.'"

—Harlow Shapley, astronomer

*Einstein's reply in 1921 to the request of New York newspaper reporters that he explain relativity in a few sentences:*

"If you will not take the answer too seriously, and consider it only as a kind of joke, then I can explain it as follows. It was formerly believed that if all material things disap-

peared out of the universe, time and space would be left. According to the relativity theory, however, time and space disappear together with the things."

—Ronald W. Clark

AN ORGANIZATION arose in Germany attacking relativity as part of a Semitic plot to corrupt the world. When, in 1920, it hired the Berlin Philharmonic Hall for a demonstration against both relativity and Einstein, he went to the meeting. He sat in a box, obviously enjoying himself. At the more absurd statements, he could be seen bursting into laughter and clapping his hands in mock applause.

—Ronald W. Clark

*Einstein's remark after Scientific American announced a \$5000 prize for the best exposition of relativity in 3000 words:*

"I am the only one in my entire circle of friends who is not entering. I don't believe I could do it."

—Ronald W. Clark

EINSTEIN'S visits to Brussels and a common taste for music and poetry turned his relationship with the Belgian royal family into friendship. This friendship had no special emphasis for Einstein. One day, I saw him empty his pockets, searching for a piece of paper. They were the pockets of a schoolboy: penknife, pieces of string, bits of biscuit. At last, a sheet of paper fell out. It was a poem that the Queen of the Belgians had dedicated to him.

At the bottom of the ivory-colored

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page were a few words and figures in Einstein's small, regular handwriting. I bent over to look. Immortal calculations side by side with the royal signature? I read: "Autobus 50 pfennigs, newspaper, stationery, etc." Daily expenses, noted with care, entangled with the loop of the regal "E"!

—Antonina Vallentin

IN 1933, rumors of the intended assassination of Einstein led to his flight to England. I arranged for a week of sittings at his refugee camp. Einstein appeared dressed in a pull-over with his wild hair floating in the wind. His glance contained a mixture of the humane, the humorous and the profound. He enjoyed a joke, and had many a gibe at the Nazi professors, 100 of whom in a book had condemned his theory. "Were I wrong," he said, "one professor would have been quite enough."

—Jacob Epstein, sculptor

ONE DAY after Einstein had moved on to his final home at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton, N.J., the telephone rang in the office of the Dean of the Princeton Graduate School. The voice at the other end inquired: "May I speak with Dean Eisenhart, please?" Advised that my father was not in, the voice continued: "Perhaps then you will tell me where Dr. Einstein lives." My father's secretary replied that she could not do this, since Dr. Einstein wished to have his privacy respected. The voice on the telephone dropped to a near whisper: "Please do not

tell anybody, but I am Dr. Einstein. I am on my way home, and have forgotten where my house is!"

—Churchill Eisenhart, quoted by Ronald W. Clark

THE CONVERSATION (on Einstein's sailboat) drifted back and forth from profundities about the nature of God, the universe and man, to lighter questions. Suddenly, Einstein lifted his head, looked up at the skies and said, "We know nothing about it at all. Our knowledge is but the knowledge of schoolchildren."

"Do you think that we shall ever probe the secret?"

"Possibly," he said with a movement of his shoulders, "we shall know a little more than we do now. But the real nature of things—that we shall never know, never."

—Chaim Tchernowitz, quoted by Ronald W. Clark

I ASKED Einstein, "Do you believe that absolutely everything can be expressed scientifically?"

"Yes," he replied, "it would be possible, but it would make no sense. It would be description without meaning—as if you described a Beethoven symphony as variations of wave pressure."

—Hedwig Born, wife of physicist Max Born, quoted by Ronald W. Clark

HIS DOCTOR came to his Princeton home with medicine in the form of both pills and drops, not knowing which the patient would prefer. Einstein chose the drops. "I still remem-

ber," says a colleague, "the doctor standing there, counting the drops into a glass. Einstein swallowed the whole thing down, then turned a little green and started to throw up. After that he turned to his doctor and asked, 'Do you feel better now?'"

—Ronald W. Clark

*Einstein's whispered remark on hearing himself lauded at a formal dinner:*

"But the man doesn't wear socks."

—Ronald W. Clark

ONE of his neighbors, the mother of a ten-year-old girl, noticed that the child often visited Einstein's house. The woman wondered at this, and the child explained: "I had trouble with my homework in arithmetic. People said that at No. 112 there lives a very big mathematician, who is also a very good man. I asked him to help me. He was very willing, and explained everything very well. He said I should come whenever I find a problem too difficult."

Alarmed at the child's boldness, the girl's mother went to Einstein to apologize. Einstein said, "You don't have to excuse yourself. I have learned more from the conversations

with the child than she has from me."

—Philipp Frank

A RABBI wrote that he had sought in vain to comfort his daughter over the death of her sister, "a sinless child."

"A human being," wrote Einstein in reply, "is a part of the whole, called by us 'Universe,' a part limited in time and space. He experiences himself, his thoughts and feelings as something separated from the rest—a kind of optical delusion of his consciousness. This delusion is a kind of prison for us, restricting us to our personal desires and to affection for a few persons nearest to us. Our task must be to free ourselves from this prison by widening our circle of compassion to embrace all living creatures and the whole nature in its beauty. Nobody is able to achieve this completely, but the striving for such achievement is in itself a part of the liberation and a foundation for inner security."

Einstein died on April 18, 1955, at the age of 76. To the end he was adamant against public display, asking that he be cremated without ceremony. His ashes were scattered at an undisclosed place.

—Walter Sullivan in *New York Times*

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## The Teeming Life of a Pond

A rich world of discovery awaits anyone who will watch closely and listen patiently beside its softly rippling waters

Condensed from NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC  
WILLIAM H. AMOS

SUMMER DAYS on Noxontown Pond begin quietly enough. A painted turtle clambers out on a log to catch the warming rays of the sun. A kingfisher scoops a minnow from the shallows. A red-winged blackbird calls. And sometimes a biologist, who enjoys the two exciting worlds of laboratories and ponds, appears at water's edge.

I am that biologist, and my life with Noxontown Pond goes back more than two decades, to when I joined the faculty of St. Andrew's School, near Middletown, Del. The school grounds border most of the pond, a two-mile stretch of water with many wooded coves and a remarkable concentration of living creatures. On still summer mornings, I often walk the 50 yards from our house to the cove below. As the rising sun casts light upon the pond, there are stirrings of life evident to

those who will watch closely and listen patiently.

One morning not long ago, with face mask, snorkel, swim fins and underwater camera all in place, I slowly submerged beneath tall, graceful columns of pondweed and water-lily pads. Delicate strands of bladderwort, with bulbous death-traps awaiting small organisms, rose from the pond's bottom. Minute planktonic animals, illuminated by sunlight from above, danced in the water like dust motes in the air. Dense clouds of minnows emerged from behind a forest of aquatic plants to within three feet of my mask, ready to dart off at my least movement. A three-inch-long water bug rose among the minnows and sculled to the surface, where it exchanged stale air for fresh, trapping a new supply under its wing covers.

Often my children and I walk to

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC (AUGUST 1971), © 1970 BY NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY, 1275 AND M STREETS, N.W., WASHINGTON, D.C. 20004

the pond and pause on its bank to observe its wonders. Once Julie spotted a bent stick, half in and half out of the water. Then the stick turned into a banded water snake that swam gracefully out of reach. In early fall, we follow the intricate territorial flights of dragonflies. One June night we listened to frog voices: the guttering of pickerel frogs; banjo plunks from green frogs; the clicks of chorus frogs; the sonorous roar of bullfrogs. A sudden splash and a shrill scream, abruptly terminated, marked the end of a frog life and a meal for a snapping turtle or pickerel.

Recently, a faculty colleague invited me to look at a pond he had dug a few months earlier. Already the water teemed with insects: backswimmers, water boatmen, diving beetles, water striders and many others. "Where did they all come from?" he asked.

I explained that within hours after flooding of a new pond, aquatic insects may arrive on the wing, drawn by light reflections. Bacteria, algae and protozoans break out of resting spores and cysts to become active once more. If the pond is stream-fed, fish soon take up quarters there. Ducks and other water birds transport on their feet additional cysts, spores, seeds and eggs. Soon the pond, young as it is, supports a thriving population that grows richer with time.

One of the nice things about ponds is their accessibility for study. Nearly everyone lives close to some kind

of pond. There are more than two million scattered across the country. Our Noxontown Pond was originally a marsh, dammed in 1736 to serve the gristmill of Thomas Noxon. It is now at the height of its productivity, as measured by the plants and animals it supports. Someday, if nature has its way, sediment will accumulate, the shoreline will advance and water will begin to disappear. The underwater plant and animal population will dwindle, then vanish. And where Noxontown Pond now lies, a stream will cut through the center of a small, fertile valley fringed with invading trees.

Whenever we come to the cove, our youngest children, Alison and Bobby, like to hang over the edge of the wharf and study the softly rippling water. Man in water must either sink or swim, but the water's surface film provides a floor for some fragile creatures, a ceiling for others. The molecules at the surface create an elastic film so tough that insects and spiders can skate across it. If the children reach out to touch a nearby whirligig beetle or a fishing spider, however, the creature may penetrate the surface film and dive to safety, carrying air with it.

Still smaller animals live on the undersurface of the film, where they hang down or creep across it from beneath. Some are the familiar snails and hydras. A few of the smallest crustaceans, such as water fleas, swimming close to the film, may suddenly find the surface ten-

sion so great that they are caught in a deathtrap; there on the quiet surface, we see the upper parts of their curved, shelled bodies glisten in the sun. However, if molting, they may escape by slipping out of their skeletal coverings, which adhere to the surface, and dropping back into the watery world below. Their new outer skeletons quickly harden.

Through the next lower zone of life—the mass of the pond's water—swim insects, leeches, mites, fishes, turtles, frogs, newts, diving ducks, muskrats and, on rare occasions, an otter. The most densely inhabited zone is the bottom. There fragmented organic matter and mud provide a home for scavengers: crayfish, worms, insect larvae, snails and many creatures seen only through a microscope.

We spend countless and rewarding hours studying the habits of our pond's denizens. Take, for example, the ways in which they move about. Many people think that a fish swims simply by means of a tail fin; actually, most of its propulsive power comes from alternating waves of muscular contractions, down first one side, then the other. The fish bends in sinuous curves, creating pressure points that push against the water, much the way a skater's blades press against ice. A dragonfly nymph, on the other hand, employs a totally different method of movement. It can eject spurts of water from an abdominal cavity—true jet propulsion.

The manufactured devices man

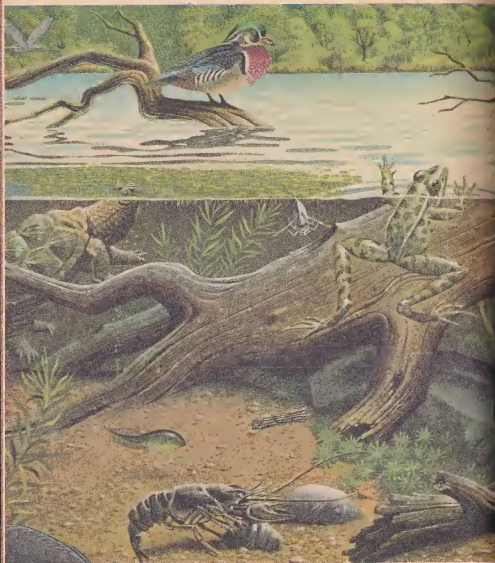
uses in underwater exploration—masks, swim fins and snorkels—have natural equivalents in the pond world. We need a faceplate to see well underwater, but whirligig beetles even have eyes with *two* hemispheres—one focused for vision in water, the other for vision in air. Many water animals enjoy a natural form of flipper or paddle. The legs of diving beetles have either folding plates or hairs that increase the surface area on the power stroke, then fold and offer little water resistance when the leg is brought forward.

Many of the pond's air-breathers use a snorkel. The elongated nostrils of snapping turtles and musk turtles can reach through the surface without revealing the rest of their heads. And the water scorpion, waiting for his prey beneath the pond's surface, breathes through a tail-like snorkel.

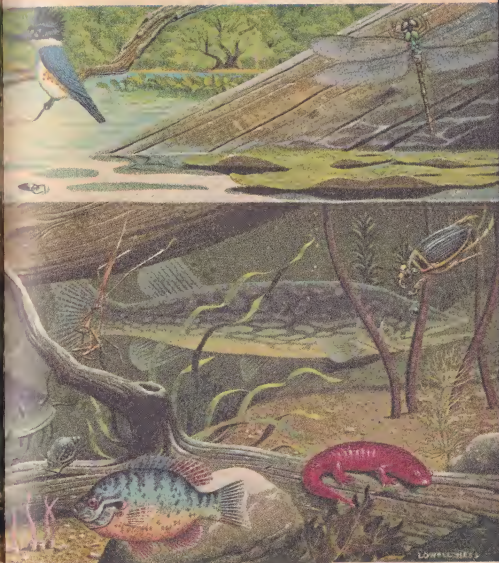
Water-repellent hairs cover large fishing spiders, which enjoy still another invaluable piece of equipment: an air tank. When the spider submerges, air trapped in its dense hair forms a silvery bubble that contains enough oxygen for an hour underwater. The air bubble that accompanies a whirligig beetle acts as a gill membrane that allows oxygen to pass from the water to the insect and carbon dioxide from the insect to the water. The insect can remain submerged for several hours before the nitrogen, which makes up most of the bubble's size, escapes into the water and the sac collapses.

The adaptability of pond animals

# The Wondrous Life In A Pond



HERON	WOOD DUCK	
	DUCKWEED	LEOPARD FROG
— WATER SURFACE —		
SNAPPING TURTLE	BACKSWIMMER	
ATERWEED	TADPOLE	CADDISFLY LARVA
FRESHWATER CLAM	CRAYFISH	BULLHEAD CATFISH



BELTED KINGFISHER	PICKERELWEED	AESHNID DRAGONFLY
HIRLIGIG BEETLE		LILY PAD
— WATER SURFACE —		
WATER SCORPION		PREDACEOUS DIVING BEETLE
POND SNAIL	CHAIN PICKEREL	HORNWORT
TUBIFEX	PUMPKINSEED SUNFISH	ADULT RED SALAMANDER

is often fascinating. One day, while we were all at the pond, my son Steve, deftly swinging a dip net, captured a young bluegill. "What are all those little black dots on the fins?" he asked.

"Clams," I replied, to the children's complete disbelief. Freshwater clams release many minute embryonic young. Whenever something moves nearby, the disturbance sends these tiny clams swirling. Their toothed shells snap wildly and must fasten to a fish fin or gill if the clams are to complete their life cycle. Embedded in the fish's tissues, they undergo gradual development, later emerging and dropping to the bottom to grow to full size, as much as six inches long.

Night-time on Noxontown Pond offers a whole new set of experiences. One night we sat listening to the insistent hoots of a barred owl. When I turned on my headlamp the light was reflected here and there in pinpoints of green brilliance, revealing the eight blazing eyes of a great fishing spider resting on a lily pad. Schools of young fish darted in and

out of the beam. Small leeches, busily waving about for a passing fish victim, waited among the clusters of algae.

I snapped off the light. Holding our breath, we listened to a contrasting rhythm: the soft splashes, gulps and gurgles made by the myriad and ever-moving animals of the hidden pond world. When I flicked the light back on, its beam filled with insects pulled out of the dark by uncontrollable reactions—and then it revealed the rapid skillful flight of bats as they rushed out of the blackness to capture moths only inches from my face.

As we strolled home later, a quotation from Thomas Huxley, the famous English biologist, came to mind: "To a person uninstructed in natural history, his country stroll is a walk through a gallery filled with wonderful works of art, nine tenths of which have their faces turned to the wall."

Noxontown Pond, though so small a segment of the vast universe, helps me turn those beauties to the light.



#### Weather Mapped

**A**LISTAIR COOKE in *Talk About America*: "When you are describing transatlantic weather the simplest words are the most deceiving. I remember picking up the Paris edition of the *New York Herald Tribune* and looking up to the left-hand corner of the front page to see how people were faring in the Manhattan midsummer. The newspaper printed the weather reports from London, Paris and New York, and it naturally had to take on trust the language of the weather bureau of origin. It said, 'London, fair, 71 degrees, continued hot; Paris, 78, warm; New York, clear, high 83, seasonably cool.'"

—Published by Knopf

CONDENSED FROM THE BOOK

## TO RACE THE WIND

BY HAROLD KRENTS

*The vibrant testament  
of a blind boy who tackled  
life head-on, without  
apology or excuse. His  
buoyant laughter and courage  
flash like sunlight through  
these pages, and his  
sheer joy in living is an  
inspiration to us all.*



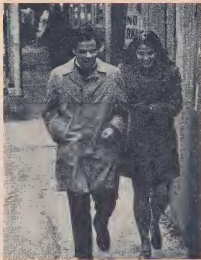
# TO RACE THE WIND

BY HAROLD KRENTS

I CAN only guess how terrible it must be to know that your son has been born blind. The agony my parents felt was starkly expressed by an incident that happened a few years ago. Clearing out our attic in Scarsdale, N.Y., my mother came across my baby book. The first several pages contain the usual: my birth weight, the date of my arrival home, the day I got my first tooth. Then comes the page headed May 23, 1945. I was eight months old and, because of mounting suspicions, my parents had taken me to see an eye specialist in Boston. The entry reads: "We have just returned from Boston with Harold. My baby is blind." All of the remaining pages are blank.

Of course I knew nothing of this at the time and did not remember being completely blind, for when I was 1½ I suddenly began to see a little out of my left eye. The miracle thrilled my parents beyond words. It seemed the crowning achievement of 18 months of painful progress.

The simplest everyday progress of a normal baby, which most parents take for granted—sitting up, smiling, reaching up toward the sound of a rattle—all of these had been reasons for rejoicing. Now, although my vision was still exceedingly dim, my parents had a real chance to



The author in 1969 with his future wife, Kit Williams

make me part of the sighted world.

My first clear recollections are at the age of three, running down the street, far ahead of my mother and my aunt. I thought that I could outrun the wind, and for a while the race was close. But inevitably I would meet with a lamppost or parking meter and go running back to mother, spitting blood but crying more from frustration than pain.

"How can you be so cruel?" my aunt would exclaim.

"Do you think it's easy for me to let him hurt himself?" my mother replied. "The easiest thing in the

world would be to hold his hand, but I cannot do that. I not only want him to be independent; I want him to love being that way."

It was a team effort. When I entered first grade the principal was afraid I would slow down the rest of the students. But I learned to read right along with my class, thanks to my mother. She spent long hours each day copying my books in huge black letters, and I soon had primers of my own, duplicating everything the other kids were reading.

Dad took over for several weeks before my annual pilgrimage to the eye specialist. Every night as the family—my older brother Larry and my sister Babby—sat at dinner, he would select one of his utensils and ask: "Harold, what am I holding up?"

Peering through the mist that was always encamped a short distance from my left eye, I would catch a brief glimpse of a fork—or a knife or spoon—and give him the reply. Dad kept dreaming up imaginative ways of demonstrating how much my sight had improved. Once he brought out a gigantic black E. While I stood at the far end of the room, he rotated the letter and I had to tell him what direction it was pointing. That continued every night for a week.

In second grade a wonderful thing happened. I was fitted with a pair of special glasses. Although I looked like a man from Mars, I could read normal-size print for the first time in my life. I rushed home from the doctor's straight to my brother Larry's room and the bookcase where he stored his collection of comic books. When he walked in later I was lying in a heap of scattered magazines, deeply engrossed in the antics of the characters I had heard so much about but had never seen.

Then one night when I was nine I awoke with a pain in my left eye. My vision was gone again. Next day we were off to the specialist, who used all kinds of eye drops on me and flickered his light through the fog in my left eye. After that there was an operation, and then there were six weeks in bed at home. Finally, I returned to the doctor's office to learn the verdict.

He spent a long time flashing his light into my left eye. I could hear the *click, click* as it went on and off. Then I heard the sound of a chair squeaking on the floor, and the next moment he was sitting beside me.

"Harold," he began, "what I have to tell you is going to make you cry."

"A big boy doesn't cry," I retorted. "You're never going to see again, Harold," he said gently. "You're go-

ing to be completely blind for the rest of your life. Do you understand?"

"Sure I do," said a voice I had never heard before. And suddenly I was crying.

That night as our family sat over dinner, nobody talked; there was really nothing to say. Each of us sat huddled in his own private grief.

You may say it's impossible for a nine-year-old to be grownup, but that night I became an adult. I went to bed immediately after dinner, but for several hours I lay awake thinking, arguing the pros and cons of a life of dependence on others or a life of independence. "It would be nice to have people always doing things for me," I thought. "People would feel very sorry for me, and I'd get a lot of attention."

It was very late when I finally determined that I wanted to be independent. I went into my parents' room and found them still awake.

"I want to try to fight," I said. "I don't want everybody to feel sorry for me just because I can't see. I want to pick up again like nothing has happened—right here at home."

"Harold," my father said cautiously, "it isn't going to be easy. I don't honestly know how you're going to read or how we can work it out. If it's Braille we must learn, then we'll learn it. But if your chances of making it are better in a school for the blind, then I guess it will have to be that. Will you help Mom and me to make the decision when the time comes?"

"I've made it already," I said. "I want to stay here."

I have never really even been tempted to change my mind since that night so long ago. I had made a choice. I would not be a blind man in a blind world.

### One Little Sentence

My adjustment was a difficult one. I ran into problems with my classmates almost immediately after returning to school. During recess a large group of children gathered around me.

"Hey, Harold," asked one, "what's it like to be blind?"

He made the word "blind" sound like a disease.

"I'm not completely blind," I retorted.

"Oh, yes, you are," a little girl informed me.

"I am not," I replied doggedly.

"How many fingers do I have up, then?" she asked.

A pinprick of light in my right eye was all the vision which remained to me. I squinted, but saw no fingers at all. I couldn't even see her hand.

"You aren't holding up any fingers," I guessed.

The air was filled with high-pitched laughter. I blinked back the tears in my eyes.

"You can't see, you can't see." They sang it out gleefully as they danced around me.

After that I didn't take recess anymore. I spent the 20 minutes in the classroom learning how to type. My teacher would sit by my side and

read off the letters, row by row. Within a week, I was typing my spelling tests while my classmates were penning theirs. Ever since, I have typed my papers and examinations. It was a major step back to the world I had so recently left.

I don't want to give the impression that this period of readjustment was totally miserable. There were wonderful moments, too. There was Fern Kauffman. Fern was a quiet little girl who sat next to me and never teased me. I shared my sorrow with her, my frustrations, my dreams for the future.

"Fern," I said one warm April day, "do you play baseball?"

"No, Harold," she said.

"I just wonder," I confided to her in a low voice, "whether I could hit a baseball like I could before my eye went bad."

"I don't think so," she said honestly.

But, I insisted, we didn't know for sure. And I told her I would bring my ball and bat that afternoon. Would she mind throwing me a few balls? She agreed. So as soon as school was over, Fern and I sneaked off to a sparsely populated portion of the playground, and I got in my old accustomed batting stance.

"Is anybody looking?" I asked in a low voice.

"No," Fern said, and threw the ball.

I swung my bat and met only air.

"It was a bad pitch," Fern said comfortably. "Girls can't pitch."

She came over and patted my

hand. "Well," I said, "now we know for sure. I didn't even see it."

We walked in silence back across the playground. Since returning to school I had never invited anyone into my home. But now, awkwardly, I asked Fern to have lunch with me the next day.

"I'd love to," she said. And she really came. She and my mother chatted throughout the meal of sandwiches and cookies while I sat back in manly silence. Then as Fern and I were about to leave for school, my mother said to her, "It was nice of you to come for lunch, dear. I'm so happy to have had a chance to meet Harold's friend—because, though he's blind, he..."

"I think he's wonderful," Fern said quietly.

Fern is married now, I understand, and she may have forgotten both the lunch and her parting words to Mother, but that one little sentence kept me going for several very difficult years.

### Whatever the Goal

MY RETURN to the third grade after my operation was a failure. I fell behind in my classwork and, since I did not read Braille, the school did not want me. My parents, therefore, reluctantly agreed to my being taught at home the next fall.

The first tutor was blind, and I disliked him intensely. As far as I was concerned, it was he who stood in the way of my attending school like all the other boys and girls. Actually he was an intelligent, in-

distrustful young man. But all I saw was an adult who had to be led to the car every day and, looking into my future, I was afraid.

Eventually he departed—to be replaced by my mother, a merciless taskmaster. Each Tuesday morning she went to a Braille class for sighted people, and what she learned was passed on to me in the afternoon. At the end of the 20-week course, her purpose was accomplished. I knew Braille, and we were ready to take on academics.

She tutored me day after day, month after month. I don't know how she had the patience to go through the ordeal, for I was often an irritable student, baffled by the complexities of long division, tired and blind. But finally at the end of ten months' work I took the achievement tests for the fourth grade, and passed them all. When we learned the scores—sixth-grade level in both spelling and reading comprehension, fourth-grade level in arithmetic—the entire Krents family went wild. My father let out a roar which reverberated through the house, Babby stood on her head, Larry slugged me on the back, and Mother cried a little. I just grinned.

The following Monday I went back to school full-time. It was a wonderful feeling.

Meanwhile, my brother Larry had taken charge of my physical rehabilitation. One Saturday morning he announced that it was time to start whipping me into shape. He said he fully intended to play football with

his brother, just as all his friends did with their brothers. When I protested that I could not see, he retorted that you catch a pass with your hands, not your eyes. He promised to throw the ball with pinpoint accuracy. All I had to do was get my arms around it.

It sounded simple enough in the house, but problems developed in the backyard. The moment I began running out for a pass, I started to shake with fright. You try catching a football with your eyes closed, and you'll know how I felt.

"Don't flinch!" Larry would yell angrily, and the next moment the ball would crash into my head. "Getting hit in the face won't kill you, Harold," he said comfortingly. "So stop shaking. You can catch the football if you want to."

After repeating this procedure four or five times, I made a decision. Since quitting and letting Larry down was unthinkable, and since both lips were already bleeding, all the damage I could possibly fear had been done. So I decided to run out the next time, relying entirely on the accuracy of Larry's arm and good luck. He delivered the football right into my hands, and I brought it to my body without any difficulty. Larry was delighted.

I had failed at baseball with Fern, but Larry solved that, too. He got out a ten-inch playground ball which was so big I could hardly miss it. And soon I was whacking it all over the driveway.

It was a tired but happy blind

athlete who sat down to dinner that night. Larry was as happy as I. He believed that blindness held no limitations for me, and therefore it didn't. He believed that I could do everything he could, and therefore I could.

It was this confidence, which I received from every member of my family, that gave me the strength to attempt, to fail, and to try again until the goal, whatever it happened to be, was achieved.

### The Gift of Music

Nothing is all bad, not even blindness. Take the fifth-grade Christmas concert. Music was one of the areas in which a blind student could excel, and I had the best ear in the class.

For weeks I worked on a Haydn violin piece just in case I was asked to try out for a solo. Even Dad, my sternest critic, was pleasantly surprised by my practice sessions at home. When the day for trials arrived, I entered the music room filled with quiet confidence.

All my efforts were in vain, however. I wasn't even given a chance to play my piece. I felt terribly frustrated when the last solo was assigned to a girl who had started violin only six months before. Why, I was entitled to the solo on the basis of seniority alone.

On the day of the concert the entire orchestra entered the gymnasium where a large throng of students and parents were gathered. A wave of jealousy swept over me as I thought of that little novice who

would be receiving the ovations from this multitude rather than me.

The concert proceeded perfectly. The orchestra played with unusual skill, and the first few solos went off without a single flat note. At last the girl rose and walked to the edge of the stage with her violin. An expectant hush fell over the audience.

"God," I prayed, "please break one of her strings."

But God had other matters on His mind. The solo was played flawlessly. The crowd roared its approval, and I grudgingly joined in.

At last the climax arrived. The school choir had gathered in the balcony with candles, and the orchestra began "Silent Night." Slowly the lights dimmed, leaving us in darkness except for the hundred glimmering candles held by the choir as they softly sang the carol.

Slowly, and just as dramatically, the orchestra began to falter—in direct proportion to the dimming of the lights. When the lights blinked out completely, so did the orchestra, because no one could read his music. Except for me, for my music was in my head.

From my corner of the stage, the sound of one solitary but very proud second violinist filled the gymnasium. The choir and I went through verse after verse, my confidence and happiness growing with each note. When it was all over, the ovation was positively thunderous. I sat back and let the waves of applause wash over me. Yes, even blindness has its compensations.

Music entered my life for a second time that year in the middle of March. It was a warm, lazy afternoon, and I was sitting at my desk daydreaming while my teacher, Mrs. Eisenberg, conducted a spelling lesson. Suddenly a little tune popped into my head and, as I dreamed, I put words to the music, afraid that at any moment it would slip out of my mind with as little warning as it had slipped in.

My sister sees the apples a-hangin'  
on the tree;  
My sister sees the busy, busy honey-  
bee;  
My sister sees most everything from  
A right down through Z;  
My sister is my seeing eye, as you  
can plainly see.

My sister sees the clouds a-floatin'  
through the air;  
My sister sees the sky so very clean  
and bare;  
My sister sees the sun so very big  
and bright;  
My sister sees the good ole day  
a-changin' into night.

My sister sees the blackbirds a-sit-  
tin' on the ground;  
My sister sees the rabbit runnin'  
round and round;  
My sister sees the little ants so very,  
very small—  
And many things my sister sees—  
are never there at all.

My reverie was rudely interrupted by Mrs. Eisenberg, who was suddenly next to me. "May I wake you up just long enough to answer one question?" she asked sarcastically.

"I wasn't sleeping," I responded hotly. "I was writing a song."

"How nice," she said, very un-nicely. "The class and I would love to hear it, wouldn't we?"

Everyone in the room thought that I was about to make a perfect fool of myself.

"Let's hear it," they roared delightedly.

I walked slowly to the front of the room. I was overwhelmed by a fear that everybody would laugh at my song.

"Well, Harold, have you suddenly forgotten your song?" asked Mrs. Eisenberg.

My escape had been laid out for me. All I had to do was nod my head, bear the shouts of derision for a few moments, and I would be able to sneak back to my seat.

But I was proud of my song—and whether they liked it or not, it was still mine.

I began to sing about the wonderful things that Bobby could see with her two eyes, and when I had finished, silence filled Mrs. Eisenberg's classroom. Somehow the silence was more difficult to take than laughter would have been.

"It was only meant to be a simple little song," I said finally. I tried desperately to stop my lip from trembling.

"It's absolutely beautiful," said Mrs. Eisenberg, and I could hear the tears in her voice. My classmates murmured their assent in tones of subdued admiration.

That night at the dinner table, I

recounted my conquest of the afternoon, and sang my song again. Of course Bobby was thrilled, and my parents were even more enthusiastic than Mrs. Eisenberg had been.

Music, I discovered, could express the frustration, loneliness and joy I felt, and the summits and valleys of my life can all be traced through the more than 300 songs I have written since that afternoon so long ago.

### Homage to Emily

SEVENTH grade marks the commencement of positively the worst period in a child's life—adolescence. The onset is particularly noticeable in girls. Even as early as seventh grade, some were already well endowed. One young lady in particular—Emily Mason.

During most of the year, whenever boys congregated alone, the subject of Emily's chest was sure to be the first topic to come up. Even the boys who were still indifferent to the opposite sex spoke of her in hushed tones.

Naturally, the girls also noticed her achievements. But girls being girls, they wasted little time in the fruitless occupation of envy. Having no intention of being outdone, they rapidly resorted to artificial assistance.

Now this put the boys in a very difficult position indeed. And inevitably it reflected on Emily.

"You know," Eddy Smith blurted out one day, "I wonder if Emily is—well—really Emily."

For the next several weeks we

were absolutely obsessed with this question. Several harebrained schemes for finding out were painstakingly planned, and then discarded as impractical. Finally one morning, as all of us were lingering in the locker room before heading to English class, Eddy Smith piped up, "Hey, I have the perfect solution. We'll have Harold find out for us. He bumps into things all the time. Why shouldn't it be Emily?"

"I can't do it!" I exclaimed.

"Of course you can, Harold," cried Eddy as he pounded me on the back. "Here is a chance for you to be useful for a change. Look at yourself as an explorer wandering over strange lands in search of knowledge."

Mike Robinson giggled. "It's downright educational," he said.

"Of course it is," Eddy continued. "You're a Christopher Columbus, about to discover whether Emily is round or flat."

How could I possibly refuse when it was put that way? The rest of the morning was spent in working out the final arrangements of my voyage of discovery.

It was the middle of the afternoon when my mission was carried out. Christopher Columbus, along with Eddy and Mike, was standing at one end of the hall when, all of a sudden, I felt Eddy's hand tighten on my shoulder.

"There she is," he whispered. "At the other end of the hall, walking toward us."

"Aim me," I whispered back.



"Aye, aye, sir," replied Mike. I was quickly moved a couple of steps to my left.

"Go!" said Eddy.

I raced down the hall at top speed, with my hands out in front of me. The course set by Eddy and Mike was absolutely perfect. I scored a direct hit, bounced off to Emily's left and continued down the hallway.

"Oh, I'm terribly sorry!" I shouted back over my shoulder.

As soon as school was over, the entire male population of the seventh grade gathered in the locker room for my report. The crowd was noisy with conjecture when I first entered the room, but became tensely silent the moment I climbed on a bench to state my findings.

"Gentlemen," I began, "I am pleased to announce that there is absolutely no doubt—it's all Emily."

"Three cheers for Harold," roared Eddy, and the crowd thundered their thanks. But I got in a last word. "Three cheers," I cried, "for Emily!"

#### "Cannonball" Krents

ALTHOUGH I had always been active in sports, I never really expected to take part in team activities, but eighth grade proved me wrong. Throughout the fall the 60 members of our gym class were engaged in a heated touch-football competition, and I played an unexpected role.

At the first gym class of the year, the battle lines were drawn with the election of five squad captains who then proceeded to choose the rest of

us to fill out their teams. Of course I wasn't actually chosen. I was unceremoniously dumped onto Squad Four after everyone else in the class had been picked.

"Look, Krents," Rink Shelton, the captain of Squad Four muttered as I trotted up to him, "I've got a real fine squad here. I think we can win the championship. That is, if you don't get in the way. Is that clear?"

Rink had a voice which terrified me. "Sure," I said. "You'll never have to speak about it again."

But as things turned out, I proved to be a useful acquisition. My rather odd talent was discovered quite by accident in the first game of the season against Squad Five.

We were ahead by one point. But Squad Five was driving relentlessly toward our goal line with just two minutes remaining in the game.

"Listen, guys," Rink barked at us. "Either we stop them right here or the game is lost."

"What do you want me to do?" I asked excitedly.

"Keep out of the way," he snarled. So I beat a quick retreat to the left side of the field, as far away as possible.

A moment later Squad Five snapped the ball and, to my horror, the play moved in my direction. The largest member of the eighth grade was out in front of the runner, blocking for him, and he was heading straight for me. I could tell by the sound of his hoofs. I turned in terror and ran headlong into none



*Harold receives a pass during his college days*

other than Rink, who was racing over to stop the play.

In sheer desperation, Rink put his shoulder behind me and literally hurled me at the huge blocker, hoping that I might at least slow him down. As it turned out, I accomplished a great deal more. The blocker lurched sideways and toppled into the runner, who dropped the ball. Rink pounced on it like a cat, and we won the game. "Great play," Rink roared at me. And right then he devised a new strategy. "Every time we're on defense, one of us will throw you into the middle of the play. You'll be kind of like a cannonball."

So for the rest of the fall, game after game, I was used as a missile to cause havoc in opposing backfields. Each of our long string of victories left a little memento on me. I

never sustained one particular injury; my entire body was one big bruise. But I wouldn't have missed a game for anything.

We were undefeated when we entered the championship game with Squad Two, a team we had beaten once before and lost to once. We played well all afternoon and, with only 30 seconds to go, we were ahead, 12 to 6. The ball was on Squad Two's 25-yard line; victory was clearly ours. It was fourth down, and we called time-out.

"Who has a good play?" Rink asked.

"Let me run with the ball," I proposed.

"Next suggestion," the left half-back laughed good-naturedly.

"What damage can I do?" I argued. "The game is already won."

"I agree with Cannonball," said

Rink. He patted me on the head fondly. "Listen," he said. "I'll hand the ball off to you, and all you have to do is follow me around their right end. Can you do that?"

I nodded my head, and we broke from the huddle. A moment later the ball was snapped to Rink, and an instant after that I felt it in my belly and grabbed it. Everything was proceeding fine; I was right behind Rink, running hard. Then all at once disaster struck. Somebody from the other team knocked my guide down, and I was on my own. For half a second I gazed desperately into the bright nothingness, then took off across the field in the direction I had come from, simply trying to get clear of the hordes I heard approaching me on every side. I doubled back and then turned upfield. The roaring suddenly became much louder. I found out later that it was at this moment that I began to race madly toward my own goal line.

Suddenly opponents were throwing blocks for me and teammates were trying to stop me. I was at Squad Two's 40 when I broke for the sidelines, at midfield when I cut around my halfback, who had caught up to me and was just about to stop me. Apparently, another fine block was thrown by Squad Two's left tackle, springing me for an additional 22 yards for my opponents.

Not until our own two-yard line did I feel two large hands drop upon my shoulders, and I stopped.

"I had no idea that 25 yards was such a distance," I said breathlessly.

"You ran 73 yards in the wrong direction," Rink thundered at me.

He tried desperately to marshal his forces during the time-out which Squad Two immediately called, but it was impossible. The rest of my team was still in shock after my disastrous exhibition. The ball went over to our opponents on downs, and they scored on the next play, kicked the extra point, and the championship was theirs.

I walked off the field alone, wishing that I were dead. For the only time that I can remember, I hated life.

"Cannonball," said a big gruff voice, "don't let it eat at you. It was just as much my mistake. I lost you. It's not surprising that you got confused." Rink paused, then added in admiration, "What a beautiful run that was, just beautiful."

"I'm sorry, Rink," I said. "So sorry."

"Hell, Cannonball," he whispered gently as he put a big arm around my shoulders.

"Hell what?"

"Just hell," he sighed. There was nothing else to be said. He had said it all.

### A Capacity for Error

SCARSDALE High School is a big place, and if I were to summarize my initial experience there it would be with a single word—loneliness. I went from one group of kids to another, hoping to gain acceptance. Eventually, of course, there were people who knew who I was—but

I wanted to be more than just a hello in the halls. Finally, in junior year, I decided to run for the presidency of the school.

My few friends laughed when I asked them to back me. They said it was impossible for a blind person to organize a campaign, let alone a student government.

Next to the captain of the football team, the student president enjoyed more status and respect than anyone else. This meant that ambitious students who were not football material began grooming themselves for the presidency as soon as they enrolled in the school. It was no surprise, therefore, that my two fellow candidates had been members of the student government since freshman year, whereas I had no experience at all. The entire Students-for-Krents movement could have fit comfortably into a phone booth, while the others drew large rallies.

The climactic moment of the campaign came on the morning preceding the election when the student body filed into the gymnasium. For the next hour, we candidates were expected to field questions from the electorate.

The meeting was almost over before anyone addressed me. "Why should we elect you tomorrow?" asked a voice from the back of the auditorium. "What makes you different; what makes you special?"

I replied that I wasn't special. I was just one of 1600 kids at the school. "If you want a president who's different," I said, "vote for

my opponents, because both of them are different from the vast majority of us. For the last 2½ years they have belonged to a smooth-running, efficient and thoroughly unimaginative government which has forgotten the students it is supposed to serve."

I continued in this vein, and when I sat down there was tumultuous applause. The next day I won the election. It was one of the proudest moments of my life.

But the first meeting of the Krents council was not auspicious. Dramatically, I picked up the gavel and brought it crashing down on the right hand of my vice president. He screamed in pain, and the Krents administration was under way.

"This year," I announced, "a new system of being recognized has been instituted. Instead of raising your hand, you will call out, 'Mr. President,' and I will point the gavel at you when you have the floor."

It soon became embarrassingly clear that this system had a few kinks to be worked out. Everything went fine as I recognized those who wished to make nominating speeches for the office of treasurer. The trouble began with those who wanted to second the nominations.

"Mr. President, Mr. President!" burst from a multitude of mouths all over the room.

I stood there amid the hubbub trying desperately to unscramble the racket. My sonar system was full of static. My friends were absolutely right. In 15 minutes I had turned the student government into com-

plete chaos. I decided to get tough.

"Everybody shut up!" I bellowed, and to my amazement, silence fell over the room. Suddenly, I was no longer a scared blind boy trying to grope through his first day at the helm of a student government—I was *El Presidente*.

"The next person who even snickers will be expelled from this council," I thundered at the stilled assemblage. "Let it be clearly understood right from the start that the Krents administration will not countenance the type of unruly outburst which has just occurred."

I stopped my tirade as I became aware of a whispered dialogue right under my nose.

"It is not to recur again," I said angrily. "Never again!"

To my amazement, the whispering continued unabated.

"Okay," I yelled, "the two of you get out!" I waved my gavel threateningly toward the culprits.

"Take it easy," said my vice president.

"No, we must cut out rebellion whenever it appears. The two of you get out before I personally kick you out."

"You've gone mad, absolutely mad," moaned my vice president.

At length, I heard the two offenders pushing back their chairs as they rose to leave.

"I'll talk to both of you in my office immediately after this meeting," I announced.

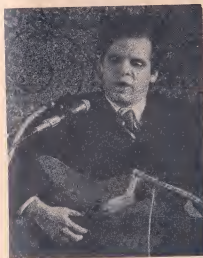
"No, I'll see you in my office," replied a voice which I recognized all too well.

"You idiot," moaned my vice president. "You just threw out the principal, Mr. Fink, and the student adviser, Mr. Beveridge."

"Hey, Harold, what do you do for an encore?" shouted a voice from the back of the room.

I was numb when I marched into Mr. Fink's office later that day. "I want to resign," I said in a beaten monotone. "My friends said it would take me two weeks to destroy the student government, but they underestimated me. I did it in one short day."

"I refuse to accept your resignation," Mr. Fink responded airily. "You are precisely what Scarsdale High School needs right now. For the last few years, I've noticed a disturbing trend. The students don't feel they can talk to their leaders. I've advised several of our presidents to go out of their way to mix with the people who elected them, to make the kids feel that the president is just another kid. Now you, in the space of one short meeting, have reversed the trend. Your performance has laid to rest the view that a student ceases to be human and to make mistakes when he becomes president. If you could accomplish that in one brief meeting, who knows what you may achieve in an entire year?" He laughed, but there was sympathy and deep affection in his laughter.



Harold plays his guitar and sings at a Cambridge coffeehouse

### The Compleat Camper

In 1963, I was accepted at Harvard. Before entering, I spent the summer in the Maine woods as a music and dramatics counselor at Camp Medomak. This was my second summer working at the camp, but as the bus came to a halt in front of the dining room on opening day, I felt nervous. Medomak had been sold the previous winter to an athlete, and I was afraid he would feel that a blind counselor was useless. But, as so often happened, things worked out in a surprising fashion.

My first trial was that most odious of tasks, OD—short for On Duty. Approximately one night every two weeks, each counselor was required to patrol the circle of tents to ensure that the campers remained quiet and went to sleep. I had always been excused from this duty on the ground that the kids would have a field day with a blind counselor. But I *wanted* to be OD and finally I prevailed. My blindness turned out to be an advantage. The other counselors needed a flashlight for their rounds, but I didn't. Consequently, I glided silently and invisibly from tent to tent, and a maniacal laugh, coupled with a spooky admonition—"Don't anger the blind phantom"—brought immediate quiet.

The new owner, Dick Larsen, was impressed. "You know, Harold," he said, "you're incredible. There just isn't anything you can't do." And he really believed it—as I found out all too soon.

To the amazement of my student council, I was still president when the next meeting began. And just as I was about to reopen nominations for treasurer, Mr. Fink strolled into the room.

"Is it okay if I come in for a moment?" he asked me.

"Please do," I responded.

"At the last meeting of this organization, Mr. Beveridge and I were guilty of whispering and were properly reprimanded by your president. I would like to apologize publicly for our behavior and assure you that it will never be repeated."

Mr. Fink sat down and I raised my gavel. I could hear my vice president quickly remove his hands from the table, and a moment later the second meeting of the Krents administration was under way.

The last week of July was Dad's Week, the highlight of the season. For seven days, hordes of fathers descended upon Camp Medomak to share the outdoors with their sons, and an atmosphere of fraternal fun seemed to pervade the entire period.

One day at dinner, Dick rose to announce the evening's activity. "Tonight," he said, "we have a very special treat, something that I'm sure every one of you will thoroughly enjoy. Harold Krents will thrill you with a daring display of water-skiing."

I gasped. "Dick, I've never water-skied in my life."

"It's time," he replied, "that you broadened your horizons." Then he cheerily filled me in on the basics. "The most important thing is to let the boat do all the work. It will pull you right up out of the water onto your feet. Now, when crossing the wake—you know what a wake is, don't you?"

"I certainly do," I said miserably. "That's what will be held for me later tonight."

Dick ignored me and went on. When the boat made a turn, he explained, it was essential for the water-skier to cross over the wake. Otherwise, he was likely to fall, hitting the water at approximately 35 m.p.h. To warn me, he would sound one blast on a whistle when turning right, two blasts when turning left. I was then to perform the appropriate maneuver and zoom over the wake. Three whistles, however, was the really important signal. That

meant I was headed back to shore, right for the dock.

"At 35 m.p.h.?" I wailed.

When I got down to the lake in my bathing suit I found quite a crowd, including an armada of boats from a nearby girls' camp, eagerly awaiting the spectacle.

"Are you ready?" called Dick from his position at the steering wheel of the speedboat.

"No, no!" I shouted.

But he took off, and I felt the tug on the towrope. "Let the boat pull you up," I remembered, and a moment later, to my amazement, I was skimming along on top of the water. Exuberantly I waved to the assemblage and, losing my grip, fell headlong into the lake.

"Lesson No. 2. It is essential that you hold onto the rope," Dick said, as he prepared to begin my second run. But this time I didn't even get out of the water. I was doing something wrong with the skis and, while the boat raced along the surface, I stayed completely submerged.

"Want to call it quits?" Dick asked.

"One more time," I gurgled.

"I'll show you," I muttered as the boat roared into action. "You came to see an exhibition of water-skiing, and that's exactly what you're going to see."

I shot out of the water and stood on my skis. Then at terrifying speed we took off across the lake, motor roaring, the crowd cheering. Suddenly I heard the sound of a whistle. I shifted my weight and crossed the

wake. My joy at executing this maneuver successfully was interrupted by the sound of two long whistles. Or was it two long ones and a short one? Three blasts would mean we were approaching the dock. But we didn't seem to be slowing down.

"Dick, what do I do?" I screamed, but the roar of the motor was all that I got in answer.

I took the coward's way out and hit the water. It seemed preferable to the dock.

"You know something, Harold," Dick said when he picked me up. "You've got guts, real guts."

"No, I haven't," I groaned, while checking to see whether all of me was still intact. "But I do have a great idea. Tomorrow night, I'll drive and you ski."

### A Little Something Extra

On Friday the 13th, September 1963, Babby, Mother, Father and I drove through the gate leading into Harvard Yard, and eased to a halt in front of the dormitory to which I had been assigned. The car was loaded as it never had been before—two Braillewriters, 14 packages of special Braille paper, one typewriter, one tape recorder, 26 Braille volumes of Professor Palmer's *History of the Modern World*, a record player, a guitar, three suitcases, two boxes and a trunk.

I was now a Harvard man and, as I stood in the Yard that day filling my lungs with Harvard air, I had a hundred high hopes.

The biggest immediate challenge

was creating a system that would enable me to find my way around the campus. "No problem at all," said Mother confidently as we set out on our first trial run. "Your classes are scattered, but fortunately the routes to all of them are straight as an arrow." Eight exhausting hours later I was able to say that half of my mother's statement was correct. My classes were scattered. But the routes to them were a labyrinth.

"System, system, that's the key to the whole thing," Mother insisted. "We'll count the steps it takes to walk to each of your classes, and while I'm counting, you'll make a Braille map."

For the next several days, I followed her all over the campus making one map after another. We not only counted steps from class to class, we counted steps inside each building. Did you know, for instance, that it's 122 steps from the third seat in the front row of Emerson Hall to the drinking fountain, and 967 steps from the 12th seat in the 83rd row of the Paine Hall lecture room to the men's room?

At long last Mother was satisfied and I was left alone to make my first solo trip. I felt a quiet confidence as I set out, but what began as a casual stroll soon became a nightmarish journey—for I discovered that the scale of the Krents map was based on the length of Mother's footsteps, not mine!

That was only the beginning of my problems at Harvard. There was,



for instance, the first paper I wrote. I spent the entire night before the paper was due in the slow process of transcribing 30 pages of Braille (in which I wrote the paper) into ten pages of print. In the morning I carried my literary gem to my roommate for his approval—and discovered I had typed ten blank pages. The typewriter had been on the stencil setting the whole time!

Eventually, though, I managed to adjust and even made the Dean's List.

My ability to function in the sighted world has always been a team effort on the part of every member of my family. For example, there was the anthropology term paper I did in sophomore year. I was flunking the course miserably, and only the paper and the final exam stood between me and an F. I went home to do the paper—on the Vocalization of the Great Apes. When I had finished writing the essay, Mother typed it and Dad read it.

"Harold, it misses," he said. "It needs that little something extra."

"Fine," I snorted. "Let's make a tape recording of all the calls of the great apes; they're reproduced in one of the books Mom and I found in the library."

"That's it, that's it!" cried my father.

"Dad, I was being sarcastic," I said.

But my father was serious, and ten minutes later he, my sister, my tape recorder, my bongo drums, the book and I were all assembled. My father

proved to be particularly strong on orangutan calls, while Babby's forte was the cry of the chimpanzee. For my part, I was outstanding on the mating call of the female gibbon.

I received only a B on the paper, but the calls got an A-plus and high praise from my teacher. His cocktail parties, he told me, had become smashing successes ever since he began playing the "ape tape."

### A Reader Named Kit

NO ONE was more important in those years than my readers—girls from nearby colleges who gave up valuable time to read to me from my textbooks. I spent 20 hours each week in their company. Thanks to them, the help and encouragement of my family—and the fact that I had no social life to distract me—I graduated from Harvard with honors. The following fall I entered Harvard Law School.

There is an old saying that during the first year of law school they scare you to death; during the second they work you to death. I can assure you it is true. I was so frightened at first I did nothing but study, and by the second year I was using readers 13 hours a day, five days a week, in a desperate effort to reduce the mountains of reading each professor heaped upon my head.

Whenever I needed material Brailled, Mother turned to a wonderful group of dedicated women—Eleanor Lazarus, Margery Metzger, Doris Newman, Rita Gross and

my Aunt Gertrude—who dropped everything to help me, just as they had ever since I lost my vision. Thus, after the readers had left, I was able to pore over my Braille texts until 3 a.m. or later before collapsing into bed.

Only one event brightened these difficult days. Like every American male, I had registered for the draft when I turned 18, fully expecting to be classified 4-F. Instead, my draft board had labeled me 2-S, the same student deferment that all my sighted friends had. And that's the way things stood until one day in my first year of law school when my 2-S deferment was canceled.

"You've been reclassified 1-A," Mother told me. "But Dad is going to call them tomorrow and get the whole thing cleared up."

Astonishingly, the draft board was adamant. I was to report for my physical examination in 30 days. So I decided to have a little fun.

I called United Press International

and told them my story. Within an hour the entire Boston news community had showed up at my dormitory room. My roommate suddenly became my press secretary, and we held a huge news conference. Everyone from the media had a wonderful time—they dressed me up in an outsized Army uniform, with a toy gun in one hand and my white cane in the other, and took lots of pictures. One enterprising young reporter even called up a clerk at my draft board for his reaction.

"I don't care if he's blind or not," the man told the reporter. "He'll take his physical." That comment went around the world, and for the next four days my telephone didn't stop ringing. I gave statements to more newspapers than I ever imagined could exist.

I finally received my 4-F classification from an embarrassed draft board, but huge stacks of letters continued to arrive. They were from people all over the United States tell-

THE GIFT  
OF GOOD  
READING-  
THE



WHOLE YEAR THROUGH!

SEE SPECIAL OFFER IN THIS ISSUE

ing me they would never feel uncomfortable around a blind person again, now that they realized a blind individual could have a sense of humor like anybody else. Others wrote to me about friends or relatives who had gone blind. They were grateful to me for bringing a little laughter into their lives. These letters meant the world to me.

During my second year of law school a very special person entered my life, Kit Williams. The circumstances that brought us together were not particularly romantic—two of my best readers dropped out, and Kit was one of the replacements.

Our first appointment was for four o'clock one February afternoon. That morning it began to snow. By noon three inches had accumulated and the storm was still going strong. My early-afternoon readers called and canceled, then my evening readers, and finally my readers for the next day. But no word from Kit. I had given up on her when—at pre-

cisely 4:57, with ten inches of snow on the ground—I heard a gentle tap at the door. In a little girl's voice that sounded as warm as July, Kit introduced herself. She was late, she said firmly, because I had given her very poor directions.

Kit more or less took over that first session. We didn't do much work. She thought the reading was horribly dull and announced she'd rather talk about herself. Then, abruptly, she asked where my roommates were. She had worn her best skirt and sweater to impress them.

"I tell you what," I answered. "Why don't I just set up a date for you? What are you looking for in a guy? Looks, wealth—or both?"

"Neither," she replied, and for the first time there was a woman talking with Kit's voice. "The most important thing to me is to be needed."

I think it was at that moment that I began to love her.

Just before she left, I asked her why she had come out in this bliz-

zard. "Because I told you I was coming and I couldn't disappoint you," she answered. "Because I knew that without your readers you'd flunk; I came because I knew you needed me."

### The "Real" Harold Krents

SHORTLY after final exams in the second year of law school, my father called with some wonderful news. A writer in Hollywood named Leonard Gershe had just finished a comedy about an independent blind boy. It was titled *Butterflies Are Free*. Gershe had got the idea after hearing a radio interview I had done at the time of my draft classification mix-up. The play was not about my life, but I had inspired it.

*Butterflies Are Free* opened on Broadway in mid-October 1969, and became an immediate hit. Suddenly I was a minor celebrity, and my life turned into a happy hubbub of radio

and television shows, magazine and newspaper interviews. In December one magazine even sent a reporting team all the way to Harvard for two days and nights. While one popped thousands of pictures, the other besieged me with questions designed to bring out the "real me"—the sensitive, sightless student, chock-full of fascinating psychoses and neuroses.

But my answers didn't seem to satisfy the reporter, and eventually she decided to quiz my volunteer readers.

"What's Harold Krents really like beneath the façade of normality?" I heard her ask.

"I hate to disappoint you," was the reply, "but Hal is nothing more nor less than just another human being."

"But he must get depressed. Have you ever seen him discouraged?"

"Yes," said the reader, who had known me for two years. "I have seen him when he felt very low indeed."

"Now we're getting somewhere. What were the causes of these fits of depression?"

"Oh, things like too much work, or a rainy Saturday, or the end of a love affair. You know, weird things only blind people feel."

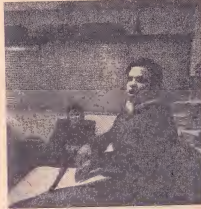
Finally, the reporter asked if I had a girl friend, and I told her I had been dating Kit since September. She promptly took us out for a sumptuous dinner and began firing questions. "Are you ever ashamed to be seen with Hal?" she asked.

"How could I be ashamed of



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Harold reading Braille in his room at law school

Hal?" Kit answered. "Why, just knowing him has been the most meaningful experience of my life. He has been an inspiration to me and to many others. He's got more courage than the rest of us put together. I've seen him play football when he's cracked his head against a goalpost, and two minutes later he'll run down the field with utter abandon."

I was thrilled. Although I'd been dating Kit for two months, I never knew until that evening how much I meant to her.

"There is a warmth about Hal," continued Kit, "that amazes me. No matter how busy he is, he always finds the time to listen to people who need advice. These people have nothing wrong with them, but they still find life a sad, sordid experience. They come for help from someone who thinks life is a thrilling adventure."

"Ashamed of Hal? Never. His fight to be treated as a normal human being fills me with admiration and affection. I only hope he will never feel ashamed of being seen with me."

Late that night I lay awake with a heart that sang a love song to the woman I had determined to make my wife.

From that time on Kit and I were always together. She was a great support during my third and final year of law school. I had begun to look for a job, and it was very discouraging. I went from law firm to law firm in both Boston and New

York. Again and again I was turned down. People were often quite blunt. They simply did not believe that a blind person could operate successfully in the legal profession.

Bitterness is a silly, useless emotion. But it was hard not to feel bitter. I had devoted three difficult years to obtaining a fine legal education. I felt that I was at least entitled to show what I could do.

"How could you possibly handle legal research?" someone would always ask.

"Quite simple," I'd say. "I would have a secretary go to the library with me, and I would tell her what I wanted her to look up and read to me. I would take notes on my Braille-writer and then dictate a memorandum to her."

"Impractical," one would reply.

"Unworkable," another would agree.

"But I've used this system successfully in moot-court competition at Harvard Law School," I protested. It made no difference.

I still have a drawer full of rejections from law firms. I even got turndowns from firms I hadn't applied to. Somebody would contact them about the possibility of at least granting me an interview and that, too, was denied.

I believe that this rigidity is dangerous to the entire legal system.

The law requires a certain amount of flexibility, and the practitioners of that law should reflect the same flexibility if our legal system is to survive.

### "Laughter and Fun and Joy"

IN EARLY May, a month before graduation, I began to have severe headaches. One day I closed my eyes to ease the pain, and when I opened them, the glimmer of light perception in my right eye was gone. For the first time in my life I was in total darkness. I lived in isolation for the remainder of the week. Only Kit shared my terror, and it was she who insisted that my joy in living could not hang on a glimmer of light.

The following Saturday we went to the bicycle exchange hoping to rent a tandem bike to ride out to Walden Pond. Two hours later we returned. Everything had gone wrong. A tandem bike—the only kind I can ride—could not be found; the car we then tried to rent could not be signed for by a blind man, and Kit was under the required age. The game of catch we tried to play alongside the Charles River ended with the large rubber ball, which I was always able to use, periodically bouncing off my face.

Dejectedly, we returned through Harvard Yard on our way back to my room. We stopped to rest for a moment on the steps of the Harvard Chapel. "Hal, darling, why don't we go in for a moment?" Kit suggested.

A moment later we sat in a pew, and let the quietude surround us. Somebody began to play the organ, and I got the strange feeling that God was present in this place. "Why

me? Why me?" I questioned. "It was such a little bit of light."

I began to sob as I pondered my lightless future. Suddenly I was aware that God was holding my hand—or was it Kit?—and a sense of peace warmed me. It was the sun chasing off the mist of early morning. "I have so much to be grateful for. I'm about to graduate from law school; I'm in love with a wonderful girl who loves me. I have life ahead—I have love ahead—I have laughter and fun and joy."

ONE further hurdle remained after graduation. During the summer I had to take the New York State Bar exam—a grueling affair. Kit helped by reading me practice questions, and, of course, the Krents family pitched in and took turns drilling me.

The two days of the bar exams were two of the most difficult of my life. I finished at last with the miserable feeling of not knowing whether I had flunked or passed. The results were to be published in the *New York Times* on December 1. I spent many sleepless nights that autumn, counting fears instead of sheep. December 1 finally came. My father and I stood outside the *Times* building in midtown New York in a line of other anxious students and parents. The papers arrived. Dad clutched one in his hands and read off the names: "Kelly . . . Kirk . . . Klawson . . . Kopp . . . Krents, Harold Krents."

I waved good-bye to the infant, the

little boy, the adolescent and the young adult.

"Chalk one up for the team, Dad," I exulted. "It's all over."

"No it isn't," he answered. "It's just the beginning of a great big, brand-new, wonderful world."

In March 1971, shortly after pass-

ing the bar examination, Harold was hired by Surrey, Karasik, and Morse, a law firm in Washington, D.C. His marriage to Kit took place a few months later. For the past year he has been on a leave of absence, studying for a Diploma in Law at Oxford University, England, on a Rotary Overseas Fellowship.

### Notes From All Over

BESIDE those stories and pictures likely to dispel the habitual gloom of bad news, *France-Soir*, France's largest newspaper, features a smile badge. The paper still prints the usual daily dose of crime and violence—but a reader can skip these items and read only those marked with a smile. Readers are enthusiastic.

—AP

THE THEORY of biorhythm contends that there are times at which physical prowess, sensuality and braininess reach maximums and minimums. In Japan, the Ohmi Railway Co. uses the biorhythms of each of its 500 bus drivers as a means of lowering accident rates. At the beginning of each shift, drivers scheduled to have "bad" days are given a card reminding them to be extra careful. In 1971, their drivers had 25 percent more accidents on "bad" days than on ordinary days—quite a drop compared with their first biorhythmic year, in which the rate was 90 percent more than on ordinary days.

—Time

"LIQUOR HILDE," a West German con lady, made her living picking up elderly men in bars, going home with them, then drugging and robbing

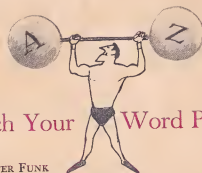
them. One evening, she and her intended victim were watching the popular TV show, *Aktenzeichen: XY . . . Ungelöst* (Case: XY . . . Unsolved). Suddenly, the show began to dramatize her racket, displaying a mug shot of Hilde herself. She snapped off the set. Her victim didn't recognize her, but a neighbor did. The police were alerted and she was arrested.

Each program in the series presents several unsolved crimes. Ninety minutes later, the narrator gives a progress report that is often amazing. Four of the nine cases depicted on the January 1972 show, for example, were cracked that same night. In its five-year history, XY has solved 142 out of 298 crimes presented.

—Time

WHAT DO you do if you want a new car but can't scrape up a down payment? If you live in Brazil, you join a *consorcio*. One hundred people chip in a 50th of the price of a car, each month for 50 months. The *consorcio* buys two cars a month. A drawing decides who gets the cars first. At the end of 50 months, everybody has wheels. Even after a customer gets his car, he must keep up the contributions until the *consorcio* ends.

—Willy Voigt, AP



## It Pays to Enrich Your Word Power

BY PETER FUNK

IN THIS list of verbs ending in *ate*, check the word or phrase you believe is nearest in meaning to the key word. Answers are on page 176.

1. corroborate (ko rob' o rāt)—A: to unite. B: persuade. C: confirm. D: compromise.
2. designate (dez' ig nāt)—A: to prefer. B: record. C: predetermine. D: indicate.
3. aerate (air' āt)—A: to lighten. B: puff out. C: ventilate. D: revalue.
4. extenuate (eks ten' ū āt)—A: to draw out. B: mitigate. C: temporize. D: enlarge.
5. deprecate (dep' rē kāt)—A: to disapprove. B: be modest. C: lower the price of. D: dismiss.
6. obliterate (ōb lit' ē rāt)—A: to wear away. B: abandon. C: forget. D: destroy.
7. perforate (per' fō rāt)—A: to pierce. B: loosen. C: average. D: make even.
8. remonstrate (re mon' strāt)—A: to reform. B: condemn. C: show clearly. D: protest.
9. fulminate (ful' mī nāt)—A: to smooth over. B: foam. C: denounce. D: extol.
10. expropriate (eks pro' prī āt)—A: to recover. B: dispossess. C: banish. D: sequester.
11. emanate (em' a nāt)—A: to originate. B: evolve. C: imitate. D: open.
12. dehydrate (de hī' drāt)—A: to expand. B: remove water from. C: shrink. D: reduce pressure.
13. eradicate (ē rad' ī kāt)—A: to scatter. B: dispose of. C: uproot. D: purify.
14. litigate (lit' ī gāt)—A: to contest. B: complain about. C: bind tightly. D: legalize.
15. reciprocate (re sip' ro kāt)—A: to summarize. B: welcome. C: reconcile. D: exchange mutually.
16. equivocate (e kwiv' o kāt)—A: to be fair-minded. B: speak evasively. C: tease. D: be undecided.
17. rehabilitate (re ha bil' ī tāt)—A: to resettle. B: redo. C: restore to usefulness. D: readjust.
18. deviate (dē' vī āt)—A: to thwart. B: turn aside. C: divide. D: err.
19. commiserate (kō miz' er āt)—A: to forgive. B: authorize. C: be grateful. D: pity.
20. abrogate (ab' ro gāt)—A: to nullify. B: cross-examine. C: plead for. D: suspend.



Answers to

"IT PAYS TO ENRICH  
YOUR WORD POWER"

1. **corroborate**—C: To confirm; support with evidence or authority; as, to *corroborate* prior testimony. Latin *corroborare*, "to strengthen."
2. **designate**—D: To indicate; specify; name; as, to *designate* a successor. Latin *designare*, "to mark out."
3. **aerate**—C: To ventilate; air; cleanse by passing air through; as, to *aerate* a water supply. Latin *aer*, "air."
4. **extenuate**—B: To mitigate; lessen or try to lessen the seriousness of by making excuses; as, to *extenuate* a crime. Latin *extenuare*, "to make thin, weaken."
5. **deprecate**—A: To disapprove; express regretful and condemnatory disapproval of; as, to *deprecate* the decline of public morals. Latin *deprecari*, "to avert by prayer."
6. **obliterate**—D: To destroy completely; as, a town *obliterated* by flood. Latin *oblitterare*, "to blot out."
7. **perforate**—A: To pierce; especially, to make a line of holes (as in a sheet of stamps) for easy separation. Latin *perforare*, "to bore through."
8. **remonstrate**—D: To protest; argue against, with a desire to persuade; as, to *remonstrate* with a child about his habits. Latin *remonstrare*, "to point out."
9. **fulminate**—C: To denounce explosively; censure violently; as, to *fulminate* against taxes. Latin *fulminare*, "to strike with lightning."
10. **expropriate**—B: To dispossess; take the property rights of an individual by official action; as, to *expropriate* private land for public parks. Latin *expropriare*, "to appropriate from."
11. **emanate**—A: To originate; rise; issue; flow out; as, political rumors *emanating* from the capital. Latin *emanare*, "to flow from."
12. **dehydrate**—B: To remove water or moisture from; as, to *dehydrate* fruit to preserve it. Latin *de*, "from," and Greek *hydōr*, "water."
13. **eradicate**—C: To uproot; exterminate; eliminate; as, to *eradicate* poverty. Latin *eradicare*, "to root out."
14. **litigate**—A: To contest in law; make the subject of a lawsuit; as, to *litigate* a claim. Latin *litigare*, "to go to law."
15. **reciprocate**—D: To exchange mutually; make a return for something; as, to *reciprocate* a favor. Latin *reciprocare*, "to move back and forth."
16. **equivocate**—B: To speak evasively; use ambiguous language with intent to deceive; as, to *equivocate* on controversial issues. Latin *aequus*, "equal," and *vox*, "voice."
17. **rehabilitate**—C: To restore to useful activity; as, to *rehabilitate* the handicapped. Latin *re*, "again," and *habilitare*, "to habilitate."
18. **deviate**—B: To turn aside from an established way; stray from an accepted standard; as, to *deviate* from traditional party principles. Latin *deviare*, from *de*, "out of," and *via*, "way."
19. **commiserate**—D: To pity; express sorrow or compassion for; condole; sympathize; as, to *commiserate* with the defeated candidate. Latin *commiserari*.
20. **abrogate**—A: To nullify; abolish; repeal; as, to *abrogate* a treaty. Latin *abrogare*, "to repeal."

Vocabulary Ratings

- 20—19 correct.....excellent  
18—16 correct.....good  
15—14 correct.....fair

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